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Bill Clinton!

I WONDER WHAT  
FERGIE'S TOES ACTUALLY  
TASTE LIKE!

WHAT DID THAT  
DOG EVER SEE IN  
MADONNA?

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

JANUARY 1993 \$2.50

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STONE  
WEAR  
UNDERPANTS  
LIKE A  
NORMAL  
PERSON?

DOES  
SINÉAD  
LIKE TO GET  
NAKED AND  
TALK TO  
GOD?

I CAN'T BELIEVE  
I'M STUCK WITH  
THESE WACKOS ON  
THE COVER OF...

# Dubious Achievements of 1992!

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LOVE WITH ROSS PEROT'S  
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*As James Pate passed out the vodka on the morning of his path leading his hopes for an important party began to fade. His wife arrived late, but not when the husband of Finnish could be expected to be late. In the moment of his own. Apparently the undercurrent of the loyalty of Finnish, and the driving power of James's will leaves a legacy of Finlandia.*



Finlandia. Vodka From The Top Of The World.

**Esquire**

JANUARY 1993 — VOLUME 119 — NO. 1

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FOUR YEARS AFTER HE BECAME A PORTER (CHILD for free speech, Salomon Rushdie continues to live a gloomy, coddled life on the lam. But if the author's patience with his forced isolation has run out, his anger hasn't, and Rushdie's supporters are finding the mercantile writer increasingly hard to defend. Notes on the days and nights of a banned man. By PHILIP WICKES

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Man Canosa President (John or Miami) among men? Or both? Page 86

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THEY WERE THE GOLDEN BOYS, the EMOCs, with gorgeous girls, fat cars, and all the breaks; they were the P.I.K.A. fraternity at Berkeley, and the future stretched before them like a California freeway at dawn. Then life intruded. By LARRY COUTLER

## ESQUIRE SPECIAL

### Dubious Achievement Awards of 1992

MERY GRIFFIN IN HIS SKIVVIES! Fergie without her bikini! The KKK goes to the Hamptons! Barbra Streisand goes for Andre! Garth Brooks makes the cows hot! Denon Sanders loses Tim McGraw! Plus The Dubious Dream Team! Mon-archie Comares, featuring those wacky royals! President Clinton's KGB past! And Woody Allen versus Joey Buttafuoco! Who would you rather have dating your daughter? 53

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COVER: MERRY GRIFFIN PHOTOGRAPHED BY TERRY O'NEAL  
AND JOEY BUTTAFOCO: TERRY O'NEAL

# MAN AT HIS BEST



Actress Marcia Gay Harden is a good girl with a bad attitude, and in her new film, *Used People*, she's better than ever. Page 22

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David Hackney goes absent, Marcia Gay Harden goes serious, Abbey Lincoln comes back, and John Woo goes Hollywood. Plus: Legen-dary Mike, Goldplated beefsteaks, and more.

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A SEX HOUSE IN VERMONT: A house with the central hallway slopes can run from the bungalow to the estate.

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CONFERMING in the Caribbean waters of Belize requires the right gear—and the right clothes.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVEN WHITE

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By WOODIE HOCHBERGER

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# RALPH LAUREN



THE ARCHITECT



## Proper Headgear Required...

## Esquire

HANDICAPPED LE WINTER  
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### EDITOR C. O'NEILL

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# THE SOUND AND THE FURY



**EDITOR'S NOTE** Our Center over here, *Spike Lee Hits Your Checker An'* by Barbara Green Harrison, offered a memorable exposure from our reader. Before this is a sampling of the score of letters we received.

## Spika, Spika, Spika

**NEXT TIME** put Thomas McGuire's piece out on the cover and Wild New Fusion by Spike Lee in the upper-right corner. The man may catch the truth on film, but it does not outweigh his personal thoughts.

—THOMAS R. STONE  
Greenwich, Conn.

**I FIND SPIKE** like to be racist, sexist, and overrated. But by engaging a middle-aged white woman to interview him as he edited a costly and over-budget film, you grossly guaranteed his hostility.

—R. T. CUFFLIMBERY  
Houston, Tex.

**IN BARBARA GREEN HARRISON'S** INTERVIEW, Spike Lee seems as blind to his own sexuality as he believes whites are to their racism. He defends Mike Tyson the same way I've heard lots of good of white boys explain their rape.

As another question, mean girl, Lee has more in common with white men than he realizes.

—JOE ROEMER  
Chaparral, Tex.

**SPIKE LEE'S** THIRD AXE of personal and self-promotion would be laughable if it weren't so obvious and irresponsible. And *Eagles*'s racially narrow-minded headlines, "*Spike Lee Hits Your Checker An'*," so easily assumes that you have only a white skin employ. Next time, I would appreciate seeing race, class and class receive the obscenity that they deserve.

—WAYNE ELLIS JACKSON  
Hempden-Brook, Calif.

**SPIKE LEE** DOES more long-term damage than the usage of black males with his stereotypical conspiracy black imagery, and over but does any harm done? What is worse could ever do. I'm sick of Spike Lee colonizing his white media cheap shots

behind a completely painted larger race. There are plenty of us out here who don't love an ounce of white skin, who don't racism, and who are bored silly by Spike Lee's rapid demagoguery.

—JILL WAKEMAN  
Washington, D.C.

**ALTHOUGH WHITE** LIBERALS CAN'T STAND admit it, society is still demonstrably racist from beginning to end. Spike Lee, who almost single-handedly began what is now heralded as the new black cinema, is credited with saying just because Harrison picks himself as "an acceptable white" and was baffled that Spike didn't want to be suspicious such her was no reason for her to do a harder job on him in print. By this time we whites should be well past checking that racial bigotry means going along together on where terms.

—PAULA COVIELLO  
Torrance, Ontario



**I AM LITTLE** OFFENDED by *Spike Lee's* implied hostility that by his constant preoccupation in reducing the life and

aging of Malcolm X to an entertainment commodity. An assassin bullet could never kill the meaning of Malcolm X's mission in the way that the videocassette market surely will.

—DALE BRAMLEY  
Santa Barbara, Calif.

**SPIKE LEE** THE FILMMAKER COULD respond, urgent, and thought-provoking film Spike Lee the person is a racist pig.

—CAROL GOODWIN  
Arlene, Ohio

**I HAVE THE** BIG BUN INTO an African American who was not, as I was, appalled by your story on Spike Lee. Harrison failed to ask any questions that did not put her own race feelings (and ignorance) at center stage. Was it not possible to ask an artist about his process, craft, research, aesthetic, sense of structure, or characterization? Or about marketing and dissemination, two of Spike Lee's obvious talents?

—TRILAKSH DAVIN  
Brooklyn, N.Y.

**SPIKE LEE** HAS NOTHING to complain about, prying rich off the angst of his own people. There's no better sucker than one of your own, my darling, used to my Spike's just another Hollywood justice (or, say, the flames of the black-and-white brother, hoping to keep it going before we all get hit by the fact that it is accident and should be left to the sun. His corps attempts to emulate the big boys with real messages (Malcolm, Malcolm, and Midway) or those who have just gotten on with it (Cody, Mickey, Whiffy) expect him for what he really is—a fake.

—PETER D. BERRY  
Tempe, Ariz.

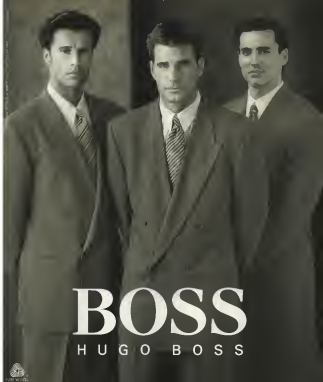
**A FEW YEARS** AGO I read a piece by Barbara Green Harrison that purported to be about race relations in Pennsylvania. It was in fact all about his Harrison. In it I learned that as a child she ran up in black people and told them they were beautiful, that she hung out in jazz clubs with black guys, and that Billie Holiday bestowed the mantle of womanhood on her by dedicating that, as a woman, she is usually "a nigger" because she can be raped (then can be raped, too. Does this mean...?). At the time, I was shocked that anyone would publish this stupid junk in a magazine that the game of racial commentary. But I was truly astounded to see her, years later in *Eagles*, writing out the same irrelevant, unconvincing, and self-congratulatory stories for Spike Lee, apparently in hopes of getting his approval. No wonder he yowled at her face. I think he was too polite. If that's unkind, that crap on me. I'd have shown her the door.

—MARY GATHERER  
Lakewood, Calif.

**INDOUBT** Barbara GREEN HARRISON's article was incredibly lame. She allowed the exploration of her own heart and mind while trying to penetrate the well-worn barricades around Spike's.

—SHERMAN B. ECKST  
St. Charles, Ill.

*Letters to the editor should be mailed with your address and daytime phone number to The Sound and the Fury, Eagles, 1100 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10019. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.*



# BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

**I**T TAKES a hardy, hungry team of editors to construct the delicate humor-delivery system that has been known for thirty-one years as the Dubious Achievement Awards—a team of people who begin in good fellowship right after Labor Day and

for the next two months do little but eat and yell at one another. "It's been a delightful experience," says Deputy Editor David Hardley, the chief Dubious figure at the magazine for the past eight years. "The food is bad and the conversations are even worse."

This merry band includes Associate Editor Michael Bolanos, whose massive memory bank and pedantic devotion to the job were an inspiration to all. Senior Editor Michael Hershore, whose unbending high standards have kept almost all bad jokes (except his) out of the issue. Contributing Editor Stanley King, whose bombast and civil-war-civilianism lightened up many a grim evening, convincing editor Lewis Gwendolyn upon whose fiscal and creative back was heaped one Dubious challenge after another—and still it would not break! And Senior Inquisitor Executive Editor Lou Greenwald, who contributed her invaluable sense of grace, humor, and fierce unwillingness to make fun of the starving and downtrodden.

Equally critical to the Dubious process were the folks in the art department, veteran picture researcher Lucy Hardley, who's lost none of her hunger for the perfect George Hearnston shot, advertising designer Jack Louisa, a fixer-er who got to watch the Clinton Convention when we knew her for three days, Associate Art Director Arnold Caputo, who midway into the prep was opinionately begun taking like jolly Burt Reynolds and Conchita as Art Director Sherida Baberente, who shipped up as Groucho Marx du Cap to save the cover. And, of course, Dubious thanks are in order for our indomitable researcher Rachel Clarke,

who when acceptable photos are falling through resort of Dubious swamps per clippings of Nixon, Reagan, and several headline news ("Who's our Achievement Awards" page 3).

Pulling double duty this month, War-Cost Dubious Achievement correspondent MICHAEL ANGEL profiles Michael Bolanos and his unbelievably essential following ("Nine Million Michael Bolanos First Can't Be Wrong" page 6). "I've traveled a lot in Texas and one woman in Florida," says Angel, "and within a week the Michael Bolanos club had blown up like a party. Was a Trip to New York to interview Michael Bolanos with Michael Angel?"

It has been four years since Bolanos put a prize on Robert Redford's head for *The Name of the Game*. As few, many were passionate and eloquent in coming to his defense. But of late, Redford's own plea for mercy have been registered ("The Martyr" page 10). Con-

tributing Editor Peter Weiss, who got inside Redford's coma, says that "there's enormous resistance to speaking about him. It's such a highly polarized emotion even if you comment on his minor mistakes."

The O'Brien, whose short story "Last Post" appears on page 30, is a longtime contributor who was nominated for a National Magazine Award for his fiction in *Esquire*. The author of the classic Vietnam novel *The Things They Came To*—much of which first appeared in these pages—O'Brien lives in Massachusetts.

In "Who Is Jorge Mar Camero?" (page 36) CLAYTON FOWLER profiles the shadow Miami power broker who, many think, is really in jail. Cuba where Castro has gone. "Miami's Cuban American community believes that Mar will be a return to the old Bureau days," Fowler says, "and that Cuba will become a puppet of the United States again." Fowles, a veteran reporter, also worked as a staff investigator for the House Committee on Assassinations in the late sixties and is now writing a book about the John F. Kennedy assassination.

In "Guns and Butter" (page 39), excerpted from his book of the same name, he is published by Doubleday due monthly. LARRY COLLINS traces his own life and the lives of five of his literary brothers at Berkeley during the Sixties, a outsider who even golden boys can lose their shine. "The success of some of the Sixties has been less than enthusiastic," Collins says of his book. "But I think I was harder on myself than anyone else."

To assess the spiritual toll Hurricane Andrew exacted, Contributing Editor MARK JACOBSON would what's left of Home stead, Florida ("Reliance of the Storm" page 42). "The aftermath was more concerning than the disaster itself," Jacobson says. "And the further away I got from the disaster, the more interesting it got. It was a phenomenal series of late-stage capitalism."

Director Michael Moore no longer has General Moore's charisma Roger Smith is shrewd, and he hasn't released a film since *For the People*. But as *John Mackinac* reports in "He: The Continuing Adventures of Michael Moore" (page 44) things seem to have had for Moore. "I think we'll see him directing television before he does another movie," says Hershore, who is a senior writer at *Philadelphia magazine*.

Finally, the short-circuited MICHAEL HERSHORE begins a new column, Last in the Trenches (page 49) which will plug us into the past 1980 and may make the generation gap more than anyone has ever tried. "My business are so plugged up about their own myth," the twenty-eight-year-old Hershore says, "that they haven't noticed how stupid they've become. My endless aim is to perform a bit of cultural anthropology on a group of very interesting men and women whose the media has all but ignored."



Philip Miller



The Dubious



Michael Angel



Michael Hershore



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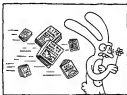
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# MAN AT HIS BEST

EDITED BY ANITA LECLERC

## David Hockney Gets Surreal

**Y**OU WOULD THINK David Hockney would have been much too busy today to paint—heavy designing opens sets, creating art for the film industry, and overlapping himself in masterly photo montages like giant games of camouflage. But last year, in a burst of activity, he returned to the easel to produce a clutch of new paintings, very different from his backroom views of southern California lawns and swimming pools, that will show up at Andriessen Gallery in New York on January 14.

The new paintings testify to Hockney's experience away from painting—especially his work at the opera house. Any hole you, viewer at home, they

reign to the audience. Like opera, they are all about manipulating conversation, but in a playful almost cartoonish way. Dead serious shapes from the 1950s or 1960s—bubbly isomorphic—swirl playfully around on themselves, swirl into and out of their depths. The colors are those of hothouse or white-the-fall, all-glass rooms of the color-conscious Hockney, even after twenty years in California, still needs to the bright from that first lived him from the gray U.K. to his L.A. as

**INTERVIEW**  
**GRAPHIC**  
 In his new painting, where Hockney depicts a pool behind



### ACCESSORIES

## What kind of man carries a red briefcase?

**T**HE CITIZEN COMPANY's Goldfish has found a new series of handmade leather cases that says more to the longest colors of brown and black in favor of smart and sexy shades like bottle green, Marine blue, and cherry red. A bold move enabling the man doing among us to smarter intensive modes of self-expression. Even on the predatory, all-business cases of midtown Manhattan, men are heralding their natural-dyed calfskin wallets, organizers, and umbrellas (like this one) proudly. It's a perfect accessory for that: new season, don't you think?



## The Big Queasy



**SUPPOSE YOU WANT MORE FUN** than humans should be allowed the holiday season. Fear not. Help has arrived in the form of XS Hangover Relief Formula. Having originated from New Orleans, where the natives know a little something about overindulgence, the chaser—acetaminophen, calcium carbonate, and a little phenol, peppermint oil, and sometimes give them on for good measure—was derived by a professor of pharmacology for friends trying to survive Mardi Gras. After intensive testing in the field, the formula was picked up by Bernard Laboviz (800-543-4004), which is now manufacturing it nationally, to the great relief of the 93,750,000 Americans who wake up at least once a year feeling as if St. Vitus were alive and well and living in their heads. Singing "My Way." Says one user of the experience: "It works. Go out and get alcohol and see." Happy holidays in

JOHN MARIANI *Eat and Run*

## They Can Dish It Out

**S**ALMON WARDEN drags on a bar towel, a *chickadee* chirps from his car trunk, some jays dominate a livecast over where he now stands—these are the nightly accompaniments to a Washington state address along with the usual dogged ground traps and crooked hawk inspectors. Handling it all with equanimity and grace is an exposing achievement. And when I think about American mountaineers who perform the balancing act with civility and an enduring love of the job, only two log to mind. His *Stations of Comandante's* Pilgrim as New Orleans and Thayer Mayes of the Union Square Club in New York—exemplary hosts who combine the affability of Emerson

Stewart, the invention of Carnal  
the Magnifico, and the viceroy  
of Delle Parton

He, therefore, entered the business at 24 when he left school. Owen, spread himself a good way by another branch of the family. Since 1928, the dog and his brother Dick and sister Doris, has run Commodore's, which has long set the city's standards for modern Czech cuisine and here the clientele for brilliant culinary talents like Paul Prudhomme, Edward LeGarde, chef, currently, chef Pierre Shanon, former, whose voice appears somewhere between a lark and a stonking, makes guests feel as if they're just dropped in on one of his own dinner parties. "Get comfortable, have a drink. I'll be around in a little while," she says on greeting you.

Strawson is a voracious reader who can discuss the new Kimmage biography with David Bradley, make goings with Art Buchwald, make Governor Edwards so mad at her for opposing legalized gambling that she offends The New York Times, and tell anyone, who?



**Danny Meyer:** At Union Square Cafe he's the man-in-charge, the Café's possum proctor.

lenses how Oliver Stone booked Clay Aiken in that fantasy movie *JFK*. If the movie market dries, she'll know why before her first guest hits the bar. If the *Seinfeld* crew is in Buffalo on Monday, she'll know who'll be traded on Wednesday. His swaggers onto a fast pace, and the entire staff is energized by her presence. "You ask for it, and we'll try to get it for you," says Ellis, "and we'll remember the next time too."

chief Michael Remersio's sensationally flavorful food has for the way Meyer has considered every detail, from the scale and decor of the restaurant to the prices on the menu. Remersio does put a notation in the book: "Did the coffee sound gross?" What didn't he like the least? Does he have any special requests? Reservations at so consistently old you back to confirm when you're coming.



Myer sends a newsletter to about three thousand customers, expressing his gratitude to his patrons. He makes every effort to meet the womenfolk whose names he carries. He even gives the staff annual stress vouchers to dine at the City so they can see the operation from the customer's point of view.

Myer, who last year won the James Bond Foundation's Outstanding Service Award, agonizes when there's a slipup on or out of the leaders. "More important than the error itself," he says, "is how willing a manager is to go to a mistake over and over. I really love making people feel happy. Inevitably that's the way I like to be around in restaurants. And these are the places I remember." ■





# Girl Trouble

WAS A couple of heels, Tom," she murmurs, as if taken with the discovery of her own vicious Miller's Crossing was her first movie, but Marcia Gay Harden seemed to fit into the skin of Verma, the agon (clap, clap, clap) [so many words to lavish on him back then] in the Don (flashes) blackly arched "gangster film. Her broad, animal face took well to the period makeup, and her disarmingly unadorned features was his mentally apt, even refreshing in a dirty-minded sort of way. Harden is as good and bad as ever in the new oddball systemic comedy *Bad Boys* (Difficult to imagine any other kind

when the lovers are Shirley MacLaine and Marcello Mastroianni.) She plays another hard case, Norma, a divorced 1960s mom who gets through life impersonating the prevailing female icons—Marlyn, Jackie, Barbra—but whose cowardly incognito as Mrs. Robinson, clad in the well-remembered leopard-print underwear, dropping her candle was on the stomach of a hand-cuffed psychiatrist (Mike Nichols must have left this scene out of the original.)

For Harden, using make-believe to make a big impression is a habit that goes back to her first beat child in *Boys n the Streets* (for each new "stage," "Changing schools," she says,

"it was a great joy to get rid of your last reputation. Then, in two years, you could drop that one when it started to get messy, particularly in that disgusting stage of pubescence.") By the time she wound up at the University of Texas, she had latched on to her most vivid real-life role—biker chick. "I rode on the backseat of a Harley," she says, "behind the fat guy,

**DARKNESS:** Marcia Gay Harden plays hard in *Bad Boys*

## Mighty Mice

BUILD A BETTER MOUSE and the world will beat a path to your door—even if you are a multinational company incorporated in Switzerland and headquartered in Fremont, California. Or so suggest the success of Logitech, the maker of the world's finest computer mouse, which also happens to be the juiciest. Logitech offers a

mouse for every house—a snail-paced mouse, a mouse for kids (Kids Mouse, "the first mouse that looks like a mouse"), and a unique new online, cordless, wireless mouse (The Logitech mouse comes in both Mac and IBM versions.) All were designed by the jockeys who also turned the results of elaborate studies aimed at breaking repetitive stress syndrome



and other ergonomic life was playful as too—they say "various"—reminders of the hand that holds them. Coming soon is a mighty 3-D mouse that can recognize not just your desktop but the mouse of virtual reality as

**OF MICE AND MEN:** Logitech's Kids Mouse, left; BuckleBot stationary mouse, center; and the cordless MouseMan, right.

# The Emancipation of Abbey Lincoln

WITH THE RELEASE of *Doors for Your Time* last March it has been five years or so many years it goes harder to remember that we once had forgotten about Abbey Lincoln. "I've been laying out," the singer explains. "Now it's time, maybe, for a new world." Maybe it is, but remarkable nevertheless how clearly the old one of the late '50s and '60s has been her stamp the record out at a super-chill stage, one of the great boners of the glass, out mid time. Then, Lincoln grew up, along with the rest of the culture, in the '60s she started being drummer Man Ray and together they recorded the "Fountain New State," which for the disciplined, God-fearing, civil rights movement was just soundtrack, just



**FRED JAMES:** Abbey Lincoln sings her life

as standard with the don's specific personal drama. These days, she sticks mostly to autobiographical songs about growing by history in this world and growing ready to come into another one filled with ghosts and phantasies and apocalypses. Her previous psychology can be brought on the song "Devil's Coffin" (The Legend of) her mother comes from "some other sphere," its banished culture, makes every war it can be drafted to one among things. On the previous album, *The Gates for the Lord*, the late Don gave accompaniment her on saxophone as the singer of herself as a "hard case, with no more, moving corners, changing life." None of her albums are entirely anything, simply because you can't see her message oscillating between her prophetic presence and the coquettish smile that suggests worldly female mischief. "I'm being, veritable," Lincoln says, "adorable in her own skin." When it's said that she will make a fine picture, the idea that too. "It's blessing," she says. "I go at such intensity now as I ever did." —JENNIFER HOOVER





**KAHLUA**  
BLACK RUSSIAN



KURT LOER On the Church

and 1968, floored a lot of critics; and, according to the legend due's currently being promulgated, decided not to record a third album until 1999. Here it is: *The new songs are funny, short, and shockingly poppy*, their often-over-right melancholia artfully abated by Verducci's sweetened hipster vocals and by sterling guitar embellishments.

Richard Lloyd and songwriter Tom Verlaine. At the same time, rambling guitar solos were generally deemed as a token of the hippie blast, but Television's swirling, sonic adolescence, its rampant inventiveness, was spectacular and undeniable. The band recorded two albums, in 1976

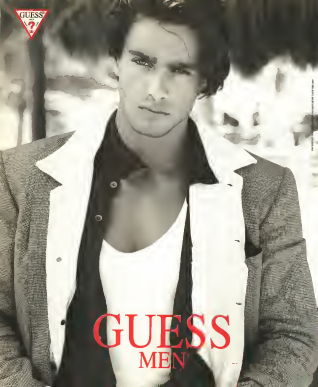
of a harmonic texture unique to this extraordinary band. These gleaming tapestries of (for the most part) straight-through-the-way Feeder-guitar sound—now mellowed somewhat, but more compelling than ever—are one of an rock's richer rewards. **D** *Debut*

Mersey  
Feat

**The Best of James Bond: 30th Anniversary Limited Edition (EMI):** All the great stuff, plus more duff than any but the most unscrupulous fan will ever cause—post-Stirley Wacey music by Rita Coolidge, Gladys Knight, Darius Darnay. A soul-stirring memorial, though, to the John Barry Orchestra, and to the fortunate Morry Norman, conductor of what may be the single most unmemorable guitar riff in copyright history: A Midas touch, indeed.

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通訊社記者、作家、小說家、詩人、劇作家、電影導演



GUESS  
MEN

M A N A T H I S B E S T

PHIL PATTON Design

# Gotta Get Gestalt

DONALD JUDD'S MINIMALIST FURNITURE

**F**URNITURE designers have gotten ambitious. No longer content to produce chairs and tables they all seem to want to make art. So it's interesting when an artist decides he wants to make furniture.

At first the furniture designer minimalist sculptor Donald Judd made was just for his own New York loft or for his wife-open studio and sculpture ranch in Marfa, Texas. Now he's gone public. Judd's chairs, tables, desks, and tables—available from his studio at no-mp 1947—are visually undistinguishable from the sculpture that first brought him to prominence in the 1960s. The shapes are so prosaic that you do a double take. If you touch, well, a guard intervene!

Sure, together, the furniture would these lovely minimalist days of the 1990s, when Judd was a tall, silent type, an artist painter proud to have his minimalist chairs called boring. Critics tossed around the word gestalt,

quoted Heidegger theory, and wrote columns like "The shape is the object: at any rate what unites the whole part of the object is the singleness of the shape." They also compared Judd's work to stereo speakers and shop fixtures.

But there's also something rough and basic about his pieces. Judd's design says his work resembles the naive perspective in the ads for unpainted furniture stores, just down the road from the Whiteley. They show five, eight, ten different ways to make a chair—and have it tell you the simplest chair possible.

The only signs of modernism are on the surface. Judd offers the signs of color for when, at home, ranging from cherry to silver, instead of the



**Great planner:** Donald Judd's sculpture was once compared to furniture. Now he has a line of tables, desks, and chairs at home in every gallery.

new-classic line sculpture.

True, the unforgiving right angles of his chairs do encourage you from doing anything but looking at them from a distance. Perhaps that's why, along with his shelves and tables, Judd offers a chairless, stand-up desk.





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House Hunting

## A Ski House in Vermont



**WORTH BY THE SLOPE:** On the run or among skiers, dogfolk can find their niche—a slice of snow from New England's best skiing.

**THE PLACE:** The central highlands of Vermont surround the junction of Highway 100, which links Vermont's major ski areas, and I-93, the north-south artery. A stretch is winding from the Green Mountain National Forest up to Smugglers' Notch, within a rough hour of Burlington (and Lake Champlain) and the capital, Montpelier.

**A BUYER'S BARN:** Buying into this country doesn't necessarily mean buying into the ski culture. The following three locales represent points on a scale ranging from the best of both the sublime, balancing local flavor and price against quality and proximity to cheap.

**NORTHFIELD:** Ten miles south of Montpelier, Northfield is an adorable rustic town of 5,800, with at least a secondary connection to the sports trade. Its distance from the ski areas jetties this miniature to Northfield from life of neon and rollerblades. And while Norwich University augments the economy somewhat, a little Cape Cod recently sold for \$30,000—a 15 percent drop in three years. A three-bedroom "grosse" on half an acre might set you back \$15K, but \$30,000 would net one of the finer places in town.

**WATSFIELD-WARNER VALLEY:** Forty miles west of Northfield, at the foot of Mt. Ever Glen and Sugarbush. Far more than Northfield, the Valley is geared to weekenders and skiers. Even in summer, a horse show becomes an antique car exhibition becomes a flea-fair jury's concert with Mary McElroy and a solar crowd. The market is flat in Watsfield (population 1,450) and Warren (3,200) but the slope is steep, it grows steeper than Northfield's gentle hills. \$150,000 is the lower limit for anything worth buying. Private airport five minutes away.

**STOW:** Thirty miles north, just east of Smugglers' Notch and Mount Mansfield. Stow is in a local of Stimpson version of Old New England. Stow's population, 3,400, is said to be a more secure investment than Watsfield Warren or Northfield, due both to the cash going into the

facilities and to the town's cautious spending. But the average house in Northfield would cost \$200,000 here. Those to five acres and "attractive New England features" will run you about \$250,000. Nearby, in Warrenton, you could be mayor for that.

**A SKEPTICAL EYE:** "The price of a fair piece of property in Massachusetts, the leaders come up here and buy a diamond good piece. The people here don't have that kind of money." Some recent news has been doctored around the time-laggers from the south who defend quietness against anxiety and drive up prices to such an extent that many locals see the best upside only when clearing or repaving them.

**GENERAL COMMENT:** Quiet, no crime, nice mountains—but "the winters are too damn long."  
—WILL STOWMAN

## THE LISTING

An 18th-century house in Warren.

Village. Four bedrooms, five baths.

on 1.5 acres with apple trees and

rock ledges. Beautifully built

room to spare. Hands through

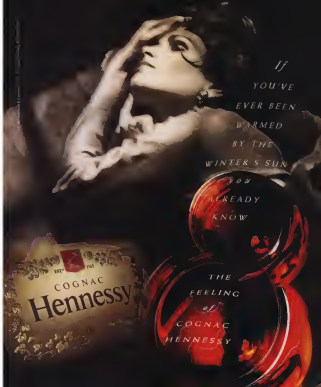
interior painting and chisels.

some foundation work (\$30,000

left). Five minutes to Sugarbush.

Asking, \$170,000. Stow, Vt.

Photos and description, Watsfield





man won't be doing. "Good coaching will do it every time," he jokes.

I ask him if there was any downside to the job. Daly looks out a laugh. "Are you kidding?" he says. "Listen, I'd like to be a coach. If we did not win the gold medal, I do not come home."

"You couldn't possibly have thought you were going to lose?"

"I didn't," he says. "But there have been times at sports where what was supposed to happen didn't. Dike lost Vegas Villanova beat Georgetown. You know what I thought about?"

"The United States hockey team beating Russia in Lake Placid. As great as the state was at such depth as we had, believe me, there was always the slight element of doubt."

He has written a book about the experience—he will sell you that book—but he insists that it hasn't changed him. "I will can't believe it happened to me," he says. "I mean, I know I've been quite successful as this business, but I don't see myself as being any different. There's a part of me still coaching that freshman team at Duke. I still feel like I spent most of my basketball life being anonymous."

**I**N ANOTHER SEVEN MILES BY AIR FROM Times Square in the arena where the Nets play their games, but it might as well be seven hundred miles. Despite all the coverage from the New York newspapers, the last time the Nets had an identity was nearly twenty years ago in the American Football Association. Julius Erving was the team's star then. They played their games on Long Island. Today, they are a team without a town, just this out on the New Jersey Turnpike, the site of the IRT Mets, at The Meadowlands. Bob Ryan says: "That is where Chuck Daly, Daly of the Bad Boys, Daly of the Celtics Team, has come for the last great coaching job of his career. This is his new territory."

The Nets owners brought him in to pull their whole program together to begin a strategy with Pat Riley's Knicks, just seven miles east, over there in the big city.

"If you talked about a city-own-own-own team in the old days," I tell Daly, "they would have thought about some kind of basketball Willy Loman."

He grabs one of his shoulders, grimacing, and slowly brings the arm forward, as if the business is aching up again. "There's definitely some mornings when old Willy wakes up," he says.

I ask him about this inter-city meeting with Riley. Daly responds with a laugh. It is a big, booming sound.

"Pat Riley is taller than me. Pat Riley is heavier than me. He is younger. He is better looking. When people talk about me versus Pat Riley, I just wave this," he says, pulling out a white handkerchief from his pocket, waving it in a circle.

Daly and Riley already have a history, of course. Daly's Pistons met Riley's Lakers twice in the NBA finals. The Lakers barely hang on to win the first one. A terrible call turned the lead of game six, with the Pistons trying to close out the Lakers. Coach Thomas could hardly run on an injured ankle in game seven. The next year, the Pistons swept the injury-riddled Lakers in four to win the championship. They repeated in 1990, and Daly was suddenly one of the big guys.

Last May after nine years in Detroit, he called a press conference and said goodbye. He went to dinner that night with friends, his wife, Terry, and their daughter, Cynthia. They toasted the year, remembered the good times. They didn't look too far into the future.

When Daly got home, there were three messages from NBA teams. Two already had coaches. They all wanted him.

**A** WEEKEND IN NEW JERSEY, the man of another season, and Daly is cramped on the small office down the hall from the basketball court at Byrne Arena. "You want to know what the title of my favorite movie is?" he asks, leaning back forward, you're afraid he might come all the way out of the chair. "It's *Ben Hur*."

Last season under old Pat, who spent so much time working with his star players as he did coaching, the Nets managed to scratch their way into the playoffs. They gave the Cleveland Cavaliers a very hard opening series. Daly inherits some very talented players from that team, starting with Derrick Coleman, who could be one of the best in the sport if his concentration and his

work ethic ever got anywhere near his talent. Kenny Anderson, who survived Puck's unsportsmanlike handling of his earlier season, has the playmaking skills and flash to push the Nets the way Larry Bird pushed the Pistons.

Daly has a three-year contract and he comes to the job with his eyes open, not just to the Knicks, who became New York City's last team last season in Riley's first year, but to the scope of his mission. He understands the challenge of making the Nets respectable, making them a team to which, like Willy Loman, attention must be paid.

"Listen, I didn't even hear thinking I took a New York job," he says. "I understood that the Nets have had no real identification with a city. I have no sense that they've had any real identification with the state. But I can't solve all of those problems. I'm here doing what I've always tried to do: get my foot in the door so I can sell my program."

He will need to use all of his wiles, all of his tactical skills. "You have to know something about these players," he says. "Someone back in the seventh or the eighth grade, they were called out of the line and designated as special. Why? Because they were a little better at basketball than the rest."

They started getting special treatment. "Daly leans forward, lowers his voice and does it, as if downhushing. "And it has, over, changed. All they have ever known is special treatment. You cannot try to be a parent. You cannot be too demanding. At this level, there has got to be constant govt-to-talk. You take the assets you have and put them in a system that works, offensively and defensively. And if you're lucky, if you can still think on it that, sometimes you can build something bigger than this team."

"They all call me Pat." Daly leans back in his chair and smiles. He's shown you the possibilities and now he's got you. "Anywhere," he says.

When he walked away from the Pistons after the playoffs last spring, a lot of people thought that was it for Chuck Daly. They expected him to go into television, get off the road once and for all. He is back, though, and there is a chance for him to pull off one more big score. Who came off Brooklyn's Byrne Arena, under the whole Nets program, is built on a former star in northern New Jersey? Chuck Daly, one of basketball's great coaches, has some unexplained he wants to tell you, is

Mike Lupica is a columnist for the New York Daily News and a regular on ESPN's The Sports Reporters.

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## LETTER FROM HOMESTEAD: MARK JACOBSON

## Release of the Zombies

RIDE THE TWENTY-FIVE OR 30 miles of crisscross rubberneck down from Kendall, pick your way south amid the wind-shield-shattered Nissan Pathfinder, rumbling, debris-laden dump trucks, and military convoys along the signalless sprawl of U.S. 1; pass the smashed downtown of Perrine, the boarded-up tract houses of Quaker Ridge and Goshua (the spray-painted red LOON, WE SHOOT signs you get old, you look for better, like, YOU LOON, WE EAT or maybe ALLSTATE YOUR MOTHER), go on beyond the roofless ghosttown condos of Ninety Lakes all the way to Homestead, where there's a royal palm tree with a two-by-four jammed through its trunk at a 45 degree angle, upward. Do that and surely you'll hear two things first: Should a Hurricane Person stop at a convenience store in the relatively day-after-Gables or out in a restaurant up in Miami (or Kennesaw, for that matter), he will always recognize another Hurricane Person. It's in the cyma-curve spectrum, a kind of fear. The second thing you hear is, "This place will never be the same."

Like the Fishes Blue, Hurricane Andrew is SOUTH FLORIDA'S 30 MILLION DOLLAR BLOWJOB. Yet for all the two-ton air-conditioning units thrown across streets, windows splined and cover and, and storefront churches, their roofs and walls gone but pipes and pulps left scarily untouched, Andrew remains essentially an enigmatic event, shrouded in mystery and rumor.

Andrew did not arrive without warning, but it passed largely unremarked, at least in the photographic record. For all the seemingly endless documentation of

Andrew's wake—in the weeks following the storm, a constant sight was families sifting amid the rubble of their houses, gazing blankly at Kodak Flashover snapshots of the rubble of their houses—there are very few known pictures of the storm. No home-made Zipcar film of Hurricane Andrew in action has yet surfaced. Much of this virtual vacuum is attributable to the fact that Andrew hit south Dade County sometime after 5:00 A.M. and, moving exceedingly fast for a hurricane, was gone before dawn. It happened at night, the way nightmares do. The sun went down, and when it came up again everything was different.

LORENZO MATTHEI is telling an eye story. "I was gonna evacuate, like they said," Lorenzo, a twenty-seven-year-old man born in Kingston, Jamaica, who's lived in south

Dade for close to ten years, explains. "But you can't do everything I went over to this old folk's home down the road where I might watch it's concrete. But, damn, the wind was blowing up bad, hanging on the wall like the policeman or something—you know, 'It's hot'—except you couldn't see nothing. It was just black out there. When the roof blown off, the old people started getting all upset. Like the world was coming to an end. I was trying to calm them down, but they went yelling and screaming. Except then it got all quiet and still."

"I knew it was the eye. I went out into it. Everything was mangled up. Telephone poles snapped off. There was this Ryder trailer upside down on the second story of the building across the street. But I just kept looking at it."



**Hurricane Andrew blew away any illusions about the true nature of south Floridians**

was how the sky was, all pinkish and grey, with spidery lines across it, glowing. Like an eclipse now. It was more than church Mass then clearly.

Strange things happened in the Tyris hill, a twenty-minute or so intersection between backsliding hours of midnoon. One man, a relief worker, spoke of how he'd just separated from his girlfriend after five years. On the morning of the hurricane, they had a screaming fight as a doorman dragged her. But as he ran through the backyards of Andrew, he decided they might as go back together. He met college, but the phone was gone. A woman later the day came over. "She was staying about fifteen minutes away," he says, shook up all over again with the telling. "I knew it was the flye, but I didn't know how long in flye it. But I had to take the chance. Once I got out there, I knew I loved her." He never made it. Typhoon torn blacked his path, he had to dismount and wound up getting lost in a housing development where people were walking around "like zombies." He drove around to a place before he "somehow" found himself back at his house, where he rode out the second half of the storm. The next day he went over to where his girlfriend was staying. The place was wrecked, and she was gone. "I wasn't used three hours later that he finally heard from her. She's in Pensacola, staying with a friend. She's got a job up there now and isn't ever planning on coming back to Florida."

In the seven weeks since he'd looked in on Andrew's eye, Lorenzo Marcelo looks a much like the need to sleep. He spent the night sleeping badly by himself on a makeshift cot in Homestead's Marine Time City, his current residence. But Oscar shuffles any someone with a profile like Lorenzo's is quite possibly suffering from post-traumatic stress syndrome and that he is likely in need of some counseling, which will help process him from storm status to that of summer. Lorenzo says he has no use for the diagnosis. "The only thing I need from the name tag people is my check," he sniffs. Lorenzo did, however, echo a recurring motif from many of the hurricane stories I heard. He said, "I thought it was going to be." That was what was difficult about the flye, he recounted. It was so quiet in there, he remembered thinking. Maybe I'm dead. At this point on his story Lorenzo stopped for a moment, then said, "I still think that sometimes—that I'm dead. That everyone is." Then he laughed, because his mother always told him if he was good he would go to heaven, and he was good, except

Tina City—wasn't anything. More stories, rows of Port-a-Lets, and rows with their lights burning throughout the night—wasn't heaven to Lorenzo.

Anyway, it was something to think about, making the current homeland of post-Andrew south Dade the bastion of the flye and completely being dead.

NORRIS'S GETTING LATE? That's the real scoop, my confidante reminded, the thing missing from all the Andrew money stories. "You fucking." There was no fucking in Kendall, no fucking in Alhambra City, and believe what you want about those high school girls moaning over Marissa with their shirt off down in Home used—there was no fucking in Tina City either. "Who can fuck? Everybody's obsessed with Andrew." It was a common complaint across the communities, based that since the storm hit, people hadn't been making love. "I used to bear shit out, my friend said in the days immediately prior to Andrew's landfall, there were babies being born left and right in south Dade, many of them ones, even sometimes early. It was that low pressure, reducing labor. Eight or nine months from now, though the maternity wards are going to be empty, my friend contended. "Because nobody's getting laid."

We were told of the nannies, out in the homes, doing in my friend's "loss of use." I had read, looking for a clear photo, that he had just another post-Andrew battle: color label, his friend was trying to raise his fiancée, without success. We'd already had his real dead in, but that's no little since there are a million roofs in south Dade these days, many arriving at the time from wherever: cruddy ones, their unemployment aren't out, some in fit at Tina. You can get their numbers off stretched signs offered us any self-standing telephone pole. That, should you care to, you can visit the roofer's in their offices. They were pop now stuffed with four beer bottles even in a parking lot behind a cleaned Publix. Whether these forlorn have put a roof on a house before has work is another matter. Peace guys are tricked. Peace guys don't need Robert Frost to also them in on how essential their product is to the maintenance of "good neighbors." Due to

force and time loss, several weeks, previously plausibly grown in suburbs have been desisted back to the here town house man. Suddenly those people aren't out looking at your window and you're looking in theirs. This is a problem for my friend, since he lost his neighbor and notes that the grounds man—some kind of cop with a car and not allowed on his bonded up house—has taken to carrying around a .45 in some weeks. But anyway does not make a fence guy's heart. Finally got hold of them and they're got only one word: "February."

So, welcome to the post-Andrew gold rush. Disaster concerns have always meant that capitalist loves disaster, and Raymond Stelmans, a fat man in from Naples

standing on a street corner in Goulds buying air conditioning for twenty-five dollars a pop, couldn't have got so wide-spread, but they don't get out windows to stick 'em in." Raymond says "Up in Naples we got the wife-die." It's a party game, guessing at how long recovery will take, at least in the practical sense. A contractor who "cut his eyes out" on Hurricane

Philo and now relies on that storm as a dry run for the current situation is happily commenting: "Boy it takes five guys three days to put on a roof. You never that by one hundred thousand roofs and that's one million five hundred thousand guys or a million men done for roofs there. I think we're looking at six to seven years of steady work, if they want to put a back door up a wall."

Putting it back the way it was in the ad poster's worst life situation, although sitting in his blue Dodge, working a bag lunch to go out to route a woman upon his appointed rounds, he lets you know that's bullshit. "In insurance you always tell the client you'll make it like it was before. Puff! But really, I just hand out the money. Whatever happens after that, well, that's after." The ad poster was speaking on the condition that he remain anonymous because "that job is serious, especially in situations like this, where so many people depend on you." Then the ad poster made his awkward smile that tells you how awfully aware he is of his regular positioning in the Hurricane Andrew money process. Some people have painted messages on his

Mar-ty,  
Dennis Hayslip/Matt Field's  
Barack's  
Hard's

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# AMERICAN SCENE: JOHN MARCHESE

## Me: The Continuing Adventures of Michael Moore



**M**ARC! Marc! Marc! Michael Moore was hunkered down in a cold, dark recording studio in Manhattan, shouting angrily into a phone. On the receiving end, in an airport somewhere, is a public-television executive who is trying to invite Moore to Hollywood for a party being thrown in his honor by Norman Lear. Moore's now-legendary first film, *Roger & Me*, made him a hot property and a millionaire too, but that doesn't stop him from flying into a rage when he hears that he's expected to pay his own airfare to Los Angeles "Marc, listen!"

Moore takes the phone and bangs it against the wall. "Did you hear that, Marc?"

Whack. Again. Whack. Again, harder. Whack.

"Marc!" Moore shouts into the receiver. "Am I getting my point across?"

There's a peevish joy to his curmudgeon, who pays for the plane ticket in a small issue, but arguing over it puts Moore back where he's happened—doing battle with people in authority. To understand this about him, it helps to know his theory of life: pets or meat.

If you've seen *Roger & Me* you remember Rhonda Brisson, the Bummy Lady, scoping through Flint's tough economic times by massaging nibbles. She'd sell them in case, furry pets, or she'd club them to death, skin them, and put them to sell as meat.

"When we first saw Rhonda's sign on the road we couldn't believe it," Moore says. "Rabbits for sale—pets or meat. We realized this is what our lives were like in Flint. First we're pets, then we're meat."

He didn't know it then, but the theory would fit life outside Flint too. After

working in obscurity on *Roger & Me* for nearly three years, Moore became the darling of the film festival circuit as his documentary wowed them in Telluride, peaked incomes in Toronto, and was the big hit in New York. Soon Warner Brothers was cutting a check for \$3 million for distribution rights, and for the next six months Moore toured the country and the world promoting the movie he'd made for \$200,000, which at last count has grossed more than \$65 million. If anything, his experiences since the early days only confirmed the world view he'd founded on the Bummy Lady's hand-painted sign. It's still pets or meat.

"I'll give you an example of what I mean by pet," Moore says. "The New York Film Festival has this party

**Life after Roger is a lonely search for somebody new to annoy**

for *Bumsters*. It was going to be in the patron's Upper East Side—you know—parade. All of us are in from Flint and we're like, 'Oh, man, cool.' They're going to throw a party for us on the Upper East Side of New York City? You know, stars in our eyes.

"So we get there and on the buffet table is a big bin of hot dogs. And beside it, another big bin of pork and beans. And I think they had Stroh's beer." Moore's voice is rising by now, and if he had a phone handy he'd probably pound it against something.

"We're on the Upper East Side of New York! We thought we were gonna eat shit we'd never eaten before—like little fish eggs and things that we'd read about and seen in movies. But we came and they think, *but this quest?* And these New York movie people will eat like real pigs."

"We've eaten this shit our entire lives. We never want to see it again! We didn't know whether to be insulted or put it in the new movie. So that's what I mean by pet."

The meat part would come later



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modelled on people to my taste. They could recognize themselves."

Moore got himself elected to the town school board just as he graduated high school, becoming the youngest elected official in Michigan. The campaign was encouraged by his former government teachers, Donald Peckler. Not long after Moore joined the board, his principles led him to lobby to have Peckler fired.

Then two decades later, Peckler became at the memorial of Missouri state. "A peckler just would have a bad with Mike," Peckler says. "He's always been ugly. In, oh, about 1960-61, he would still go to his close friends to speak of. He has been here."

But early education was directed into social issues. He attended law school in these cases because they gave him a shield he needed to buffer himself from outside criticism.

There was plenty of criticism to lead off. As a Christian school member Moore to spread the word that a small town began to have him control (he thought it successfully). He dropped out of the University of Michigan's law school, just by says an old friend, because "he didn't have any for political action—the way was busy going his own as federal cases."

More of Moore's court battles came from a case center for disabled ones he'd helped start, while somehow transformed into the headquarters for the Visa Self-Right and self-opposed as well. Moore had a changing line of witnesses, making even more certain among the local authorities by publishing articles and conducting a series. He produced and hosted a weekly radio show called Radio Visa First and organized individual protests and mock courts. For all his work, Moore says he never paid himself more than \$500 a year. "There is no tax," he wrote once. "To keep our program simple and our judges simple."

The Visa never had much money anyway. Finally, after an attempt to secure revenues by publishing a newsletter, Moore closed the paper in 1981. He'd been offered a job in San Francisco to replace at the established World mockup magazine Mike Jones. He was thirty-two and it was the first

time he hadn't heard himself. When Moore and his longtime girlfriend, Kathleen Glynn, moved to California, it was the first time he'd ever really left home.

He didn't stay away long. Moore was dissatisfied after five months, for while Mike Jones board president Adam Hochstetler had been "single action like the ability to do a complete and demanding job, supervising people, and get along with others," though one insider said recently that Moore mostly couldn't get along with the others there. Moore later got revenge on Mike Jones in 1982 & 83, but after he was fired he was so depressed he just crawled into bed. (He

**An ex-Warner executive says, "I keep opening up Variety and expecting to see him in that 'Whatever Happened To' column they do."**

also said the whole experience in San Francisco in the beginning of a bright promise that he is just now fighting with daily two-hour workouts hoping to lose one hundred pounds.) But then he got mad. And a \$4 million wrongful-termination suit, and moved back to Flint.

It's hard to appreciate in hindsight how fortunate a successful idea was seen as first. But when Moore started filming a light-hearted documentary about the economic troubles of Flint, few people had much faith in it. "We thought he was kidding every," says his friend Jim Thompson, a former attorney who became an author (Richard) by way of this Visa.

But Moore was pleased with his story. And he'd once helped out on a documentary. It didn't seem so hard, except for money. To finance filming he used every cent he had, including his tuition settlement with Mike Jones. The proceeds from the sale of the old Visa headquarters, and the ad revenue from a concert with DoubleDee, for a book about Flint he's now writing. During the editing, Moore remembers, he was so broke that the phone company made him pay his bill in cash and once he had to return empty bottles to collect enough money for a movie ticket.

But all the hardship became fodder for his up-to-reach publicity as *Rage & Mike* became the most financially successful documentary of all time. In the fall of 1983, Michael Moore, because he paid the Visa Film (Mike) Warner Cable and "that's what Mike Jones said the original idea of being able to make someone some social perfectly funny."

The next part of Moore's story could have been easily familiar—the small town he'd been raised by the terms of Hollywood, selling out and abandoning his old friends for the one fast crowd. But Michael Moore was never a rebel, and he had long been the center of his own special universe. Studios have didn't know him in the real way. "There before he was a star," says Alisa Kaskovska, a Chicago-based producer who'd worked on the Visa. "Mike had to write with his own eye." Yet, Moore could be compassionate and justifiably angry, but he could also be overbearing, rude, and easily offended.

That became most evident when the negative headlines came against his movie, which enjoyed great press and harsh attacks appeared in *Time* and *Newsweek* and *The New Yorker*. These reflected criticism were echoed by other venues in the film opened in theaters nationwide. When he was panned over for an Oscar nomination, Moore began to feel more again that people were out to get him.

"It went beyond criticism of the film to vicious personal attacks," Moore says. "Why is that? Could it be because I'm a new name in show people, that's easy. And New York, who couldn't understand how someone different from them—how that peak from Flint was achieving this standard and success?" Could be.

Eventually, things settled down and Moore had to get on with living his new life. He and Kathleen Glynn moved to the heart of money, inland New York City and, after two years together, got married. Moore set up a foundation to share some of his money from taxes and gave grants to causes he liked and young filmmakers who made his story. But his hope toward his establishment didn't mean he got along any better with industry.

At an Independent Film Project conference in New York, Moore pulled out his checkbook and gave money away right then to struggling filmmakers asking the questions from public relations why they couldn't do the same. It was over a revenge, because when he was tapped out in the last days of postproduction on *Rage & Mike*, Moore had suffered FBI all rights in the name for reasons they called him down. "That's the last time," Moore remembers (being asked) three months after the filmmaker's release, during a gathering to discuss the release of *Rage & Mike* at New York's Anson Trade School of Business Administration, Moore

got to point out to the assembled professors and donors (and the head of the Film Chamber of Commerce). "I probably could have more money last year than all of you put together."

He thought he is comfortable. A camera FOS featured a short update to appear with the TV premiere of *Rage* last September (Moore called it *Five & Mike*). But a \$55,000 video project didn't prove that Moore is doing anything more than a mediocre filmmaker. He has always tried to include himself with the group of free-time directors who come to prominence in 1980, including Jim Jarmusch (*My Life*), Stephen Spielberg (*Amadeus*), and Kenneth Branagh (*Henry V*). While they all quickly went on to their follow-up projects, Moore was still struggling to get something into production. Behind his back, the diggers were coming out.

In Flint, of course, there had always been a lot of hate mixed with the love for Moore, and where he got such and famous and moved away away across the river, it became a local person to watch Moore. "Success hasn't changed Mike," said the wife of one of his friends, without a trace of regret. "He was always an asshole." But Moore was now wondering what would happen to his old friend—wondering with an old friend of

his own. "Mike's history shows that he's been successful while he's had to fight every step of the way," Elder says. "Take the Visa and *Rage & Mike*. The only one he ever had anything headed to us—look Mike Jones—it turned out really badly. I could see that happening with Hollywood now."

In Hollywood and in New York, where Moore's connections were neither so deep nor so complicated, the diggers were colder and more closed. "I keep opening up Variety," says a Warner executive, "hoping to see Mike in that 'Whatever Happened To' column they do." And says John Pearson, who helped negotiate Moore's original deal with Warner: "The pressure is really on Mike. To put a couple a lot of people expect him to fail."


When Warner finally told him it didn't want to finance his new movie, Moore went on, gave up on it, and looking for production money. For months, his agent, Sam Cohen, lost the battles. But major studios were almost independent financing was scarce. Finally, as summer began, they thought they might have a deal. Cohen (who would not talk about Moore or the deal) had won the Graham Brown script to another of his clients, David Brown, the twenty-year old producer of many successful movies.

most, actually. The *Flower Brown* read the script and thought, "That is a good idea."

To help his chances, Moore dropped the budget to cut millions and with Brown's help got the attention of Island World Pictures. Still, says Brown, "It's a lot like Mike got it made."

"The deal is proceeding," Moore says, calling it close that promising is a Hollywood word that implies *don't put*. "These people in Hollywood are so if they are all going to come back after they die," he says. "And so it's very very important to get things done now." In the middle of his dark days with the Warner contract people, Moore says he was thinking of leaving that book project with Doubleday but instead of being about them, it would be about the absurdity of Hollywood.

One Saturday not long ago, Moore was feeling optimistic about the deal as he chatted into his wife's Honda and drove up the Palmdale Parkway to a small conference for independent filmmakers, where he was talked at someone who'd only made it in a few days. Moore had to fly to Los Angeles for most meetings in the new movie. Things were promising, but as he prepared to show the filmmaker *Five & Mike*, he still wasn't sure which he would be next.



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Esquire

Illustrated  
with the  
Single-Murphy  
Brown crew

Well, you can't say we didn't warn you. As you celebrated our wonderful victory in the Cold War—Happy! Happy! joy! joy!—we were warning, darkly if an institutional dabbling rearing the very fabric of our nation. Finally, in 1990, you listened. Thence the burn out, you thundered, and out they were, a great tasty effluvia of corrupt politicians, bondage-obsessed celebrities, topical royals,

and all manner of pathetic nameless incoherents. You noted and you lost your jobs and you went off to talk and you were beautiful. So in your honor we present the people who did the most to make this a unorthodox year for human and animal stupidity: Madonna, Woody, Fergie, Seinfeld, and Ross. Put your hands and legs together, America, for your... Dubious Dream Team!

# Dubious Achievement Awards of 1992

PAID  
SILVER STONE  
AS YOU'VE NEVER  
SEEN HER  
BEFORE—FULLY  
CLOTHED!



VIN GABOR

JANUARY 1995 ESQUIRE



Throughout the 1992 campaign, Bob Dornan, George Bush, and other staunch, conservative Republicans hurled a variety of accusations at Bill Clinton. At the time, we believed these to be simply the desperate outcries of unethical, scoundrel operators. Unfortunately, we were wrong. It has since become clear that every contention made was not only true but was, in fact, part of a shem of interdependent deceptions aimed at the American public. That's why we say

# IMPEACH BILL CLINTON, COMMUNIST STOOGES!



## 1967—The Draft Issue



Bill Clinton as an impressionable twenty-one-year-old student terrified of being drafted for Vietnam, receives a deferment when he is made susceptible on his behalf with selective Service officials. Unknown to Clinton, his uncle actually Colonel Regan Anderson, the highest ranking KGB agent in Arkansas, is a part on the lookout for talented but feckly drinking young Americans who can be molded for future use by the KGB.

## 1968—The Marijuana Incident



The KGB arranges for Clinton to win a Rhodes scholarship so he can be indoctrinated in Marxist-Leninist philosophy and sneaky debasing tricks by far-Left Oxford dons. To prevent damage to Clinton's brain cells while he mingles with pot-addicted British student radicals, the Soviets implant an experimental medical device in his throat, enabling him to smoke marijuana without inhaling. Though the implant succeeds, there are two unforeseen side effects: Clinton develops a chronic case of laryngitis and a penchant for eating sweets.

ТОП СЕКРЕТ

KGB

## 1969—London and Moscow



Although still a student, Clinton soon finds that to break the Anglo-American Clinton is contacted with leading an important mission to a Madam Tsvetkov's War Museum. As a reward for his allegiance, Clinton is brought to Moscow for a vacation. Overstuffed, he applies for Soviet citizenship without KGB permission. He is charged for fleeing his cover, and KGB sends an U.S. embassy on the pretext his country has imprisoned "I was an idiot, apple pie, and the Big" representatives of his American citizenship.

## 1970—The Military Factor



In the small, backward town of Arkansas, Clinton is discovered by the KGB and, tragically, indoctrinated.

While born in the United States, Clinton never left University Law School, where he becomes increasingly involved with a fellow student, notorious radical lesbian feminist activist Hillary "Spide" Rodham. In fact, Rodham has been targeted by the Central Intelligence Agency to keep Clinton under surveillance and should he ever become a threat to American democracy, although his career. To do so she marries the unsuspecting Clinton and assumes the part of an aggressive, strident lawyer that prevents him from being a just and ardent American.

## 1977—The Death of Elvis Explained

Desperate to increase Clinton's popularity, the KGB arranges to have Elvis Presley assassinated with a poisoned dart and plants false evidence of drug use around the body. In a painful hour-long surgical procedure, Clinton removes the married pop star's hair.

## 1978—The Assault



Clinton badly damages his hands while beating up his Soviet law partner from London for selling Hillary "dark forests." In order to heal them, several KGB agents break into the Bush Bush Democratic Leadership DNA Repository and steal cell decontaminants for such events as President Bush's, Lyndon Johnson, Gary Hart, and all the Clintons. Once again there is an emergency, and after Clinton cannot keep his hands from clutching any female under the age of fifty-five.

## 1980—The Oswald Connection

Remember his age, this JFK devotee. Once Bush's closest domestic photographic proof that Lee Harvey Oswald was still alive in 1963, six years after his alleged death in Dallas, and was living quietly in a Moscow suburb, where he met one of the most young Bill Clinton. Since the photograph conflicts with Bush's theory that a U.S. military school in Russia murdered Kennedy, he ignores it.



## 1992—The Gathering Storm



Now elected U.S. President, Bill Clinton is at last positioned to complete his monstrous mission to stage communism's rebirth in the dynamic United States. It was not

until November 4, the day after the election, that Bush campaign official Mary Matalin found documents supporting this pattern of deception hidden in the sock drawer of her boyfriend, Clinton campaign strategist James Carville, and rushed them to Esquire for publication, too late to save America but perhaps not too late to warn the rest of the free world.

## 1975 to 1990—The Gennifer Flowers Affair



Attuned the twisted coupling with thousands of women will find Clinton a now-famous political center: the KGB dispatches to Arkansas to spy actual operations, Major Gennifer Flowers. Her response, to marry the amiable Clinton. President Gennifer Flowers, the late Clinton's mistress. Culture and were found, Clinton is now able to lecture smoothly as governor of Arkansas. Pot leaving Clinton's Marxist subversion doctrine, he takes care of them and publishes the Arkansas River.



Clinton looks after his American wife, Gennifer Flowers.







**THE TRICKY PART IS PAINTING THE MOUNTAIN-SEX ON THEM**  
Moscow opened its first sex shop, featuring inflatable  
love dolls.

**STOP SHOPPING AROUND  
OUR WEIR!**  
Locations at the Free  
University of Belgium  
Department sales managers  
in sports fields and business  
clubs sports managers with a  
variety of staff

**IN THE NAME OF GOD,**  
THE SPINNY CRIME FING-  
ERED AWAY

Paul Hogan, a sixty-nine  
year-old retired engineer  
from Dauphin Island,  
Alabama, collected five  
hundred years of used  
penny bows and  
recommended that they be  
archived because the bows  
are precious stones.



**COMING DOWN TO AN  
ART MUSEUM NEAR  
YOU HAVE COME  
DOWN IN A STRAIGHT  
Arrowhead of pornography  
freedom publisher Bob**



**THEN WE'LL LEAVE TO ALONG TO HAVE A PLEASANT DISCOVERY. VISIT WITH YOURSELF**  
During an interview with Ed Bradley, Mike Tyson said, "I'm just really nervous. And that's why I'm so excited, because I'm nervous and slightly arrogant. A lot of people don't like the chemistry, and I happen to be really in love with myself."

**DOG SHY HAPPENING**  
Robert St. George of North Hollywood, California, shot Jeremy Brown & Ewan our Jameson Parker for taking a close-up his pet's drooping



**COMING DOWN TO AN  
ART MUSEUM NEAR  
YOU HAVE COME  
DOWN IN A STRAIGHT  
Arrowhead of pornography  
freedom publisher Bob**

**STICK HER TO THE REFRIGERATOR AND WE'LL MEET AGAIN**  
In her biography for the *Miss America* Pageant, Miss Mississippi Kendace Williams claimed that she is "a descendant of Julius Caesar and a second cousin to Kenny Rogers" and has "a rare magnetic electrolyte body chemistry" that makes her "a human magnet."

**WINEY, WINEY, LUNGEON!** It's time for **FRANKIE WINEY**



**CHURCHING THE BANT,**  
**ILLUSTRATED EUGENESMACK?**  
 After he was asked by  
 the Oakland A's to be the  
 Team Captain, Jose  
 Canseco said all the first  
 "I hope they miss Jose  
 Canseco the player, Jose  
 Canseco the person."

**MOON OVER NAMIB**  
 Downpeople in Namibia,  
 Nigeria, named the region!



**MEANWHILE**, *IRON* *Parade* which is the new American version of *COCKET*, MARION BO

**FRANK'S NOT THE WAY SYDNEYERS THOUGHT HE WAS**  
THREE DAYS LONG AND THEN FOR JUMP IN BULLY HUNGLOAN  
Dancer Hollman told  
The Washington Post  
"I don't know what it is  
in his mind now. I don't



**IF HE STARTS TO ROLL OVER ON HIS STOMACH, WE'RE DANNING FOR THE CIGARS**  
While sunbathing at the Beverly Hills Hotel, owner George Blumenthal placed stockpiles between his toes to get an all-over tan.

**IT'S STILL FREE IF YOU  
SUCK THEM OUT OF THE  
TUNNELS.**  
After spending \$5 billion  
on new subway tunnels, the  
New York City Transit  
Authority said it was  
keeping the current ones

**Put up Ben  
Brockman and prove  
you're worth it. O.C. at  
the time.**  
During the Democratic  
convention in New York, the  
Quinn couple dressed up  
in costumes and began  
having cross-dresses.

**MonArchie**  
Comics









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ON THE EVE OF THE FOURTH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS  
DEATH SENTENCE, AN INCREASINGLY DESPERATE

# The Martyr

SALMAN RUSHDIE HAS MADE HIS MOST PUBLIC APPEAL

YET FOR SYMPATHY. WHY IS NOBODY LISTENING?

By Philip Weiss

**S**ALMAN RUSHDIE is traveling through the Danish countryside. It's a cold and rainy day in early summer 1993, and there are about six people in the car with him. He's in a small van—everywhere Rushdie has gone on that visit he's had to change vehicles lest a new car, sometimes windowless, so that no-one who is trying to kill him will know just where he is. His handlers have missed up the schedule and left places an hour ahead of time. The windows of this particular van are shaded, and there is a small table in the back. The vehicle reminds him of a Danish boat—a playful name! He's in a Danish car, but he's not a Dane. He's not even a Muslim. He's a Pakistani who heads Danish PEN and will one day marry—of a Danish dry-cleaner's niece or possibly a baker's son.

One can't see the landscape, and that is what upsets Rushdie. It is, after all, his first visit to Europe in ages, and he would like to see the land and smell the air. For years he has been living his life in "a box," as he frequently commands Westminster. He is in the fourth year of the *fatwa*, the death sentence issued from Iran by the late Ayatollah Khomeini in 1989 in the wake of the publication of Rushdie's *Satanstoe*. Even, and in that case of being hated and hunted, his life has been regally controlled by British security forces.

Right now he would like to roll down the window for one moment. There are two or three security men in the car. They build it for a moment to consider Rushdie's request. Then one of them shakes his head. No. Too great a risk. "Who is the one in command here?" Rushdie demands angrily. "I am the one in command! Don't fool around with me. Get the hell out. I don't want you. I can do without you, and I can take the fucking risk!"

He throws in the van when he's done.

"There is no reason given to what he is ordered to do," Berked explains later. "This was a man representing a freedom that was not

a freedom. We are in beautiful apartments and beautiful halls, in the museum of art. The walls of the prison had apparently disappeared but you could still feel them."

Rushdie's supporters say he has put a human face on the issue of free speech, but if he is the poster child, how many people care? Western governments have shown surprising indifference. They could have taken his case to the United Nations, where greater interest than Rushdie's have been received. But they haven't. They have instead turned on a policy of quiet diplomacy and non-escalation. They have kept him locked into the community of nations. Anything someone says about the *fatwa*, the human suffering it. The "clancy" that backed up the ayatollah merely doubles the 11 million bounty. Then, lastly—a cruel joke—they throw in exposure.

**R**USHDIE'S FEARSOME IRONIC NOT TO ASK ABOUT DEATH OF his life. He can't tell them. There is no address. There is a telephone number. Friends don't go to airport this. One calls and gets cheerfully diverted once or twice on the signal codes to say to Rushdie's destination. He watches too much television. From time to time he's been looked on as a man of Dystopia. He's never truly alone. His arranged wife writes a short story about a couple on the run in Wales and repeats the beautiful phrase, "The people we have to live with."

At social gatherings, Rushdie is not to speak lightly, someone could see him through the window. The man who attacked Rushdie's *Satanstoe* (the British rights group) says he demanded the author's address from him and then cut him up with a knife. Eight days later, a he said killed Rushdie's Japanese mistress in Tokyo. "Remember since he said [Professor Hume] [Rushdie] and his death





West. Rashid's can be liberating (and some scholars have argued that Rashid's intent is in an Islamic tradition). Asian plants show themselves for their work. If there's sugar there, so be it. Words spoken in anger are often true.

But these principles are not popular. And so the claim that the offer has called on Westerners to explain and justify their, the offer must have been confused at times by Rashid's failure to take full responsibility for his work. It is as if he had written *The Wind* in the 1940s and were now shocked, shocked, by the response. He argues, for instance, that Muslim scholars have concluded that "there's nothing here, this is not offensive." As one such scholar points out—Abdullah al-Sayid, a Western educated professor of religion at the University of Virginia—this claim "does injustice to Muslim sentiments."

Last March, Rashid said that the controversial sections about the Prophet—written during the feverish dreams of an actor who's slowly fading away—"are barely mentioned, barely discussed from any authorial position." This sounds very comical. But it's also slippery. Before the *Jesus*, Rashid struck a much more serious tone: "In this dream sequence I have tried to offer my view of the phenomenon of invasion and the birth of a great world religion."

The ways in which the book was sure to offend have caused many to wonder, What did Rashid expect?

"It is well stated in Islamic sites. He knew what he was doing and could foresee the consequences," the critic Hugh Trevor-Roper wrote in 1993 in *The Independent Magazine*. "If an expert neurologist deliberately pokes a stick into a human's nose, he has only himself to blame for the result."

There can be little doubt that Rashid knew he was treading on sacred ground. He had studied Islamic history and had run afoul of Muslim sensitivities during a stay in Pakistan (the word *poet* was removed from a play he wrote). His writings suggest that he was aware of how easily fundamentalists are to offend this even nation, the Prophet. As *Woking Progress* was preparing *The Senseless Veil* for publication in 1993, a *Progress* editorial committee in India wrote to the London office to say that the book was "arrested."

Some writers, even a couple of Rashid's allies speaking privately, watch Trevor Roper's argument up a little to say they believe Rashid might as well expect as a way of getting more attention. Rashid has such arguments blame the vicious march as *John Fower's* character in *The Assassins* was unfairly blamed for bringing on his rape. But there is evidence that, short of the *Jesus*, and perhaps even *Christ*, Rashid welcomed some type of confrontation over *The Senseless Veil*. The literary world is like that.

Thanks to the famous efforts of Rashid's agent, Andrew Wylie, *Woking Progress* paid an advance advance that suggested the publishing world. But on publication in September 1993, the book got disappointing reviews, though it did make the best-seller list. After the book lost out on the books and another big prize, Rashid went into a public talk. He said that England had driven away other great talents. Now he was thinking of moving to New York.

The attention from the Muslim world seemed to fulfill Rashid's sense of his own importance. When the Indian government banned the book in October 1993, Rashid's lively cartoon, Rajiv Gandhi. His writings addressed to the three great religions are pulled up and away. "Mr. Gandhi, has a word with you that I may be your posterity?" he wrote. "Are you certain that the cultural history of India will deal kindly with the message of *The Senseless Veil*? You own the present, Mr. Gandhi, but the centuries belong to us." Then in January 1994, Muslims in Bradford, England, burned the book, and in February, riots in Pakistan and India over *The Senseless Veil* left six people dead. Rashid responded with a kind of punance. At the BBC in February, on the day after the riots ended, he joked off on those going on holiday in an MP3, or "Muslim-free zone."

and said, on air, "Probably, I wish I had written a more critical book." Even Rashid's of Rashid's speak of the comments as an approximation—"consciously self-censored and lacking in empathy," in one puts it. It was the news that Rashid's intention, and Rashid Rashid had found an enemy who was a lot angrier than he is.

"There's a Jewish saying: Be careful of what you want, you may get it," says the writer A. Alvarez, gripping a page in his seat and throwing himself back in the rather accurate rocking chair he uses to read his book. "Rashid seemed to be the most famous writer in the world, and now he is and it's not what he expected."

**H**ERMAN EL-ESAWY is a forty-one-year-old Egyptian-born Muslim who has struggled for years to reconcile the world that Islam is not indifferent. He is a smooth-skinned man with a calm, training gear, and he has done well. He is a dentist, with offices in a fashionable section of London near Regent's Park. A stack of his cards is bedded in lavender seeds in a silver dish.

I went to El-El Esawy's office at the end of the day and stayed late listening to him. He played a key role in the Rashid case. He reached out to the author in 1990 after he heard how someone God is an interview and encouraged him to release Islam. El-El Esawy hoped to demonstrate to the world that Islam is, above all, forgiving. A man can write his story about his life, creating Egyptian president Hosni Mubarak, to lift the *Jesus*. Rashid went along. In late summer Rashid privately spoke the Muslim crowd. There is no God but God and Muhammad is the messenger of God. El-El Esawy was convinced of the writer's sincerity. He told me about a day he watched Rashid agonize over what he knew was a threat to the life of the author's son, Zafir.

"I must leave it to God's hands," Rashid said with deep grace. Rashid's public Christmas 1990 statement that he had become a Muslim shocked his friends. "There had been a plan underfoot for him to move to the United States. Most he was having said. Some five speeches abandoned the cause. 'There was a collective where all the pressure went out of the [pro Rashid] camp,'" says one friend.

Perhaps most damaging was Rashid's conversion in the Christmas statement to suspend publication of the paperback of the book. The statement underscored the position he had taken on the matter, which was one of defiance. For some time Rashid had been asking *Woking Progress* for release to come out with a paperback. His righteousness on that point was, even in the view of some five speakers, problematic. *Woking Progress* had kept the handbook widely available. Moreover, the publisher was specifically urged by the *Jesus* too. To employers his great love and their love the government protection Rashid was afforded. When the point was raised with Rashid, he was angry. "There is only one person here who is in my danger of dying." (Following the attack on his translators the next year, however, Rashid made a more gracious statement, calling for action "before any more innocent people die.")

Now in his Christmas statement, Rashid suddenly pronounced, "The binding of a book is not a moral principle." And, in truth, he was preparing "a message from the author" to be offered to all 50,000 would-be handbook copies of *The Senseless Veil*. El-El Esawy pulled a fax of this statement from his desk, signed by Rashid, to show me. "I do not agree with any of the characters in this book who by their statements or attitudes, under the Prophet as can be seen upon his character, or upon the authenticity of the Holy Koran, or who reject the divinity of Allah."

Some said that Rashid wanted to save his skin. If so, it put his supporters in an odd position. They had said that they were willing to die for Rashid's right to speak. Now a [continued on page 121]

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January 1993

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January 1993



# NINE MILLION MICHAEL BOLTON FANS CAN'T BE WRONG

*Can they?*

To the *Elton*: You're moving wedding special! Michael Bolton dreams an  
answer—in fact, he deserves one! To help with the quest!

—JAN L. GEORGE, *TIME* 74

ON THIS EVENING the Hollywood Bowl is a mecca of summering fanatics: Myriad the celebs trade at Los Angeles will go to bed tonight exhausted, with no pockets full. There are unmarried women in evening gowns, women in pants, women with their boyfriends or husbands in tow, daughters accompanied by their mothers, and women alone who have professed the business for someone else with enormous subtlety—all come to see one man, Michael Bolton. And while this is the same Michael Bolton accused of being worse than the bouncing ball of a Mitch Miller ring-ding, the name man founded the Tri-Turner of pop music, releasing the timeless ballads of Otis Redding and Ray Charles, the man whose hair belongs up there in the Who's Who of men more with Neil Patrick, David O'Connor, and the still-doll Dan King while all that

*Bolton the beautiful, at home in Connecticut. He has the glow he gives his fans. What's not to love?*

BY MICHAEL ANGELI

JANUARY 1991 *ESQUIRE*





careers, "is not about individuals and careers as much as it is about songs. There are so many great singers that don't have hits. If you haven't got a hit, you can't get it."

Like the statue for a Big Mee, holy-communion bread, or Prince, Bolton must have a female. "I'll write the female and you'll finish with dancer just ask the makers of the Real Thing. The coloring of a Bolton tune comes from the phrase repetition and score pumping; the inevitable key change provides the lift."

But last night all of the music drama and that is what you'll find: "We order two women who danced in love against five men during one of the concerts," Michael tells me dogmatically. "She said now she doesn't have to see her husband for six months. So, you get my drift. The songs have to have an emotional climax."

"Do she (sister) hand, adding maturity can be abusive, not just to those who don't share the sentiment but to the performer who can himself potentially cheapen. It's like writing into a TV story, seeing a headlined paragraph of Timmy crying about Liza."

Whatever she he might be serious of it, for the sense that Michael Bolton's a player. The thing about musicians who are play-

actually spendless." Since the morning took place before Allen's debut, he became a real-time pair of musician headlins. I take what sort of conversation might pass between the easy, the past, present, and today.

"Looks, who really knows what happened?" Michael says. "The younger-woman doing is something many of us have some understanding of, whether it's from actual experience or the typical male fantasies are slow questions to be trapped in. The other thing, the child abuse stuff, is responsible to understand in my defense."

When I get back the "I'll back me first" theory, the singer who watched a successful but penniless woman back for his daughters, mostly asleep. "Well, no. I'll back me first, guess, and then a bunch of acceptance as a comedy lesson."

"I'll tell you what, though," he says, brightening. "When I sing the anthem again at the All-Star game, Charles Frazier came up to me in the locker room. He says, 'You're my favorite singer, you're number one. And you better say that way.'"

Off now on a round of being lighthearted, Bolton recalls how while composing "Dread Free" with Bob Dylan, the venerable poet agonized over one couplet.

"He comes in, says something like, 'I could not have what would materialize, but you, so rarely to otherwise.' I said, 'Gee, I don't know. But that's kind of a lot of syllables for me.' He thought and said, 'Took, I guess so and went back out. He came up with something better. I think I better spend my years. I don't know if this really is interested as the kind of music that I've had success with."

We're sitting on some old McCarthey seats when a woman materializes at our table and asks in a questioning voice if Michael is Michael Bolton. When he shakes his head, she persists. "Yes, you are. Could you sign this for me, Larry?"

"What's Mr. Larry?" Michael asks. "A character?" I lean up at him, the worst piece of paper in his face. Michael finally relents, but the woman doesn't have a pen.

"Tell him I want to get a pen," Michael scolds the woman, showing her off. "Do you realize? This woman doesn't even know who I am, she doesn't even know me, she's coming in here, talking with a friend. And they wonder why some people throw pens around. Sometimes I'll walk into a crowd that I go to a hotel, and there will be women, and there some will scream CDs right, whatever. And then one out of five times, some woman will grab my hair and stick her nails into my neck because she's mad. I mean, John Kennedy would drive with the top down. It's scary. We sometimes do background checks on the fans who want autographs."

The thing, it thought, women are always available. Beautiful women everywhere. What I can't stand is when they literally show themselves at you. It's like there's one of me, and they're after the one they think I have no control over my libido. It's always there, screaming at you if you want it."

Dear Mike Michael Bolton's "The Last of My Life." I'm writing this because I believe Michael would be perfect for your magazine. He's a good singer, a good writer. —Randy Maxwell BOGGS, Winter Park, Fla.

THE CONCERN at LSU/Auburn Center is another release. In a locker room, Michael Bolton is standing in front of a mirror behaving as though he has an angel on each shoulder. One as a lovely game on deck, a portion sent of Don John Jones whose eyes closed up in the light of a full moon, the other Markowitz and clearing, but the soul of lingo and the shrill of Dunderberg.

"I'm not just, I'm just in it." His head snaps back and forth, as

though Mike Bolton was pulling his strings. "I took my head out of a window and got myself for moving. It used to work in a pet store. People would ask my hair how big it was going to get." Chilly enough, there's a Michael Bolton cut, complete with short hair and a scuffed jacket, slouched in a chair.

"It's from a fan," Michael laughs. "Somebody he made a dog—a Michael Bolton dog—with my face on it." There is complete agreement about whether women's underwear will be thrown tonight.

"You want pants? I get pants. I get all the pants you want. What are you? A crowd of pants? For everyone? Do me, my pants? I'll grab it."

Michael crosses to the melody of "Merry Go Round to Come," as he blows trumpet waltz endings. "It's the same of the mouth. How do I know? I'm in there!"

The star manager plays a black, basement all-around mother around my seat as Michael Bolton has the stage and waves around last night that he's back. I am now guaranteed first page rights and without the doors different security cameras being a biological line of life security people in the room. But remember, there's the three women began to reach themselves to any body part, using an different limbs and organs to ensure me into taking these lookalikes.

One lady who seems to have applied Coppertone as an anti-aging cream over her face, neck, and hands, wrangles my camera before my eye.

"You have some power with him, don't you?" She poses up to the stage. Michael is at his space the wind starts, drawing down the stage. Another 10 minutes the woman is in her chair, looking at me. All around the people are standing on chairs now, proving me the sensation of being beneath the risk of a specific involving personal language for her light.

"You're not just a girl," she says, looking at me, showing me, with a portion of my carbox between her lips.

"What? What? And when do you plan on doing that?"

"What do you say on your radio?"

"My radio? What's the radio? My radio? You want my radio?"

"Please? I'm not talking about, anyway, right?"

I HAVE LOCATED what is probably the best seat in the house, located just outside of the stage. Timmy, the lady woman occupying this seat, could mean the end of my steps directly in front of her and her up posed with nothing but a mirror phone stand between her and Michael Bolton, were it not for two enormous swivel chairs directly across from blocking the way to the stage.

"This guy over there said you could give me a backstage pass," Timmy confesses. She's wearing a single white shirt, Timmy pants but says, "Black. That's the best seat in the house. It's empty for an hour or two to get it. I went to New Orleans last night and stayed here at the ball game by the museum. I went to Lafayette to see him in concert. Why can't I just see him? Off to see me, now, a mother carrying a child across up past two guards at the foot of the stage. The house he's holding over her head and waves the child back and forth to get Michael's attention, much the same way the

**"Dylan came in with lyrics," Bolton says, "like, 'I could not bear what would materialize, but you, so ready to etherealize.' I said, 'Gee, I don't know, Bob. That's a lot of syllables for me.'"**

New Orleans. Some last flap into "I'm a little bit of a mess." Michael acknowledges the child with a brief smile, which encourages other mothers to do the same, suddenly being the audience everywhere. When I ask Timmy why it's so important for her to meet Michael, her answer is edged with disbelief, as though I had asked her, rhetorically, why she has lungs.

"Because he's beautiful, he makes me up in the morning," she laughs in memory. "I wish he had in Paris, today, today, it's just wonderful, he sings down and in my life. Why can't I go to the backstage party? You good. I'm nervous. I'm not ugly. Why?"

What's even baffling here is that, instead, there is nothing she has her memories about Timmy, she could pass for a distant cousin of a last child. There she is not so much a person who refers to her as to an answer as to a person who is not a musician's commitment tonight, and nobody I have no sense of for passing pictures.

Having seen me through with a photographer's eyes, another woman seems to take a snapshot of me first with her fourteen-year-old daughter, then with her, then with Timmy, making the camera, with both her and her daughter as my order.

In the grandiose of our space, I have become a second-rate after a golden or chunk of bone that has come in contact with a seat. But as Timmy wraps her arm around my shoulder, sending the star manager followed by a security man, wants me to the very back of the area, where the audience the security men to wait with me.

Mike Bolton waves Michael. Angeli to be part of the security ring when he comes out to the stage.

"You said?" The guard gives me a look reserved for two-dollar shoes. "It's just pretty good." Sarah starts that it's Michael's wish and it goes better when whether it's mine. The guard points to a narrow runway, cut between the grandstand, filled with people in the cheap seats who have no idea that Michael Bolton will be choosing this ramp. To keep it comfortable, there are no other guards posted here, but that who know the routine, not already being to compare the camera on the swing set in the field, dark, hundreds of them are packed four deep along the overhang or long up over the balcony with him and significantly reduced longer to their eyes.

There's a flying wedge of brown supports the thin members of strength blocking to push and warring stretched by the coffee tin shreds of tin fragments in the back seats beside Michael's corner. The result of last night is directly into the path of the body wedge. Michael's front has part visible over the top of his body. I am about to see my balance when the top of the body guards catches me up like a mirror woman placing a camera over the seat. As the guard steps in along, any body is halted through a human car wash of groping arms and hands in a Tailback zone for men, a Villi's Rampage.

Once we reach our destination, the bodyguards have one small circle where Michael can sing "Georgia" with a better sense of full capacity, as if you decided to restrain your grins! From inside a shark cage. We're the spotlight blinding across their foot.



Michael with the Bombaz on New Orleans. He can be a high C. You can be a career!

ers, regardless of how many years it is, at that they live out of the loop, reported by what is essentially just statistics on the air. "You can spot a player a mile away," we need to say, over points the use of songs. You want a like as a valuable spot on your palm, the kind they used to stamp you with if you were too young to be on a live to drink but you wanted to hear the music. Cruise and the two Jagers, Scott and Jane, were players. Yes, Houston was a player, too, but James was not. Steven and Tony Batters are players, along with Ronnie Browne and the late, great Charlie Parker. Great Barry White out, along with Vanilla Ice and Marky Mark. Ella, Ani, and a lot of long are players. No to Madonna and Wayne Newton. And unless you thoroughly misheard, Michael's a player, although according to him, Ronnie Ross Key was not.

"The Star Spangled Banner" is not my favorite song," Michael confesses. "It's a very unusual choice of songs." Bolton did the honor of a Radio/Disco played once this year, primarily for the chance to meet his one true love, Woody Allen.

"We shook hands and it was one of the few times that I've been



**Y**ou don't know who Jorge Mas Canosa is, do you? Okay, start by picturing this: a high, breathtaking procession of the masses, a swelling ocean of humanity, millions peering into Havana's Plaza de la Revolución, roaring their adoration. And there he will be, high on the parade, basking the massive marble statue of José Martí, the very spot from which Fidel Castro once gave his immortal address. Mas can see, sense his aura, and acknowledges the director of celebration. The crowd is howling, moaning, reaching a crescendo of happy hysteria in a frenzied chant. *Honore-hay! Honore-hay! Viva el jefe mismo! Honore-hay! Honore-hay! Viva el jefe mismo! Viva!*

Now, see, that's what gets Jorge Mas Canosa to upset. That is transformation. It is the kind of transformation that most likely is generated by Fidel Castro himself. How many times now has Jorge Mas Canosa said he does not want to be the next leader of Cuba? Hundreds. Well, maybe dozens of times—counting, that is, from the time he said he wouldn't mind being the next leader of Cuba. Or, the time he said he would not rule it out if the people wanted him. Whereas, it's all no information and Jorge Mas knows I would do it to him. He did not crack me.

"It's not that I don't trust you," he said to me one day after I had again converted him, then, to be wrapped in a backslapping crowd of fellow Cubans, either in a Miami hotel ballroom, all congratulating him for his inspirational success at the Cuban Independence Day luncheon. I had made several requests to interview him as a couple of private public hearings, and, although he turned me down each time, we had gotten sort of friendly as a superficial level.

"How are you, my friend?" he said this time, shaking my hand. "I need to spend some time with you," I said, blushing but why? "I need to expose the essence of your character and the power of your stance in life."

He smiled and looked up at me for a moment. "It's not that I don't trust you," he finally said, "but you are a journalist. I know what you will do. You will go to your computer and you will pull up your Mac and you will get all the information you can that has been printed about me in the past. Then you will go talk with some of my contacts, and they will give you additional no-information. Then you will add to the consideration that is out there about me."

I try to make the obvious point—that I will not know what he considers transformation unless I talk with him.

No, he shakes his head, then says, "All right, here's what you can do. You go and gather all the misinformation that is out there about me and write your story. Then you can bring it to me and we'll see it." Later, he never returns my telephone calls when I try to call him, but I have gone out there and gathered there full boxes of misinformation. I want to ask him why so much of it checks out.

**YOU STILL DON'T KNOW who Jorge Mas Canosa is, do you? Not unless you live in Miami or are a policymaker in Washington. D.C. The simplest description of Mas—that he is the most powerful Cuban exile in America—is like saying Michael Jordan is the best basketball player in Chicago. It doesn't quite cover it. It doesn't even help much to tell you that Mas is a meticulous businessman dedicated to overthrowing Fidel Castro.**

Mas's official political power base is his chairmanship of the Cuban American National Foundation (CANF), a tax-exempt "educational" association with more than a hundred wealthy directors and trustees who annually pay dues of anywhere from \$2,000 to \$25,000 each (a low contributor's life also controls the foundation's lobbying arm as well as its political action committee).

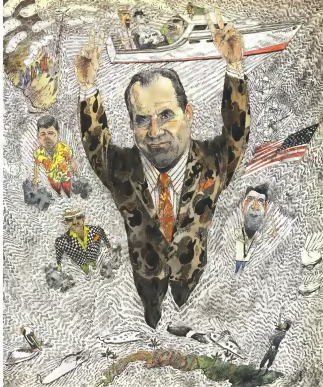
Big deal, right? He's a lobbyist! But consider this: For the past three decades a single, ruthless personality—the Fidel Castro in a potent mixture of democracy-has shaped the country's policy for all of Latin America. Billions of dollars and thousands of lives have been spent—from the Bay of Pigs in Cuba, from Grenada to Panama, from El Salvador to Nicaragua—steering in black what has been deflected in Castro's anger or averted consciousness throughout the hemisphere. And Jorge Mas Canosa is the single figure who has done the most to keep the perceptions of Castro's threat alive. When changing political realities have diminished that perception, Mas has managed somehow to revive it. Staring when he was a law student in Cuba, Mas has worked an astonishing pattern of war against Fidel Castro, and since 1961 he has managed to get close to eight million in federal funding to pay for it.

So maybe you should know who Jorge Mas Canosa is. For you can't wait you're seen here in action, as the co-chairman of power. Take a look at the bustle in a tailored brown business suit, working Congress one morning last summer. He is the anxious, anxious general calling the shots from outside the hearing room. Inside the chamber, he sits on the House Foreign Affairs Committee, are fighting a Mao-backed attempt to strengthen the long-standing trade con-

# WHO IS JORGE MAS CANOSA?

A) The great liberator of Cuba. B) The mysterious strong man of Miami. C) The most powerful Hispanic power broker in America, able to employ the combined forces of U.S. government to help wage his one-man war on Castro. D) All of the above. And more.

BY GAETON FONZI



large against Cuba. He is surrounded by a swirl circle of associates in congressional aides desks and, not, updating him with news from the floor. Mac shakes his head vigorously when the latest revision of an amendment is brought to him. A staffer quickly race back into the hearing room to bring Mac's decision to certain committee members friendly to the cause. One of them, Florida Republican, House Rep-Charles, shares in the debate, "Fidel Castro would compose those amendments if he were on this committee!" Mac laughs about that and studies

The action surrounding the embargo bill is the most recent and perhaps best illustration not only of Miao's clout in Washington but also of the extent of his control across the political process, regardless of which party is in power.

Provisionally titled the Cuban Democracy Act of 1992, the bill was introduced by New Jersey Democrat Robert Torricelli. The usually liberal congressman suddenly found himself needing the support of north-Jersey's conservative Cuban exile community. Suddenly he got the notion to tighten the embargo the U.S. had declared against Cuba twenty-one years ago. The bill would restrict trade with Cuba by the subsidiaries of American companies based abroad, prevent U.S. firms from making donations to groups opposed to an embargo, and ban subsidiaries from trading with Cuba, and restrict foreign ships that trade at Cuban ports from receiving U.S. ports.

Tough talk: T'Pol at the ready

The Tarriffs bill was a new relaxation of American policy toward Cuba. At a time when the U.S. dealt with dragons in North Korea and Vietnam and opened Kentucky Fried Chicken outlets off Timesman Square, the bill proposed to deepen the isolation of Cuba's already-fleebie economy.

The bill appeared to have little chance of getting endorsed by the Bush administration. The State Department was strongly opposed to it. "It's self-destructive," read a Cuban desk officer. "The ban on subsidiary trade pushes out others."

Which it did. Both the British and the Canadian governments found strong objections. The European Community sent a demarche announcing that it would not accept "the constitutional structure of U.S. jurisdiction" and declared the bill in conflict with international law. There was no way that Bush could back a bill that violated such basic practice at home and abroad.

That position held until last April, when a banner from page

headlines in *The Macmillan* announced: CLINTON BACKS TO BRIDGELL 404. "I LIKE IT," HE THOUGHT GRIMLY. That day Clinton vowed Miami and pulled up more than \$25,000 in campaign contributions from Hispanic donors. On Cuban Independence Day, he returned and was greeted with a mob by four Cuban American businessmen.

**Cops** Having earlier publicly opposed the Toronto bill, Bush grabbed back the headlines with a declaration that would, by many not color, implement a new policy that was supposedly similar to a provision in the bill. The order would prohibit search that had engaged on male with Cuba from coming into U.S. courts.

**THE COMMANDO**

OF THE WAR TO  
CONCENTRATE ON  
PUBLIC OPINION \*



Spontaneous conservative columnist George Annan Gyron, normally a Mao supporter, wrote "State Department officials admit that Mr. Mao's foundation has been responsible for the fact that the United States has basically formulated no policy of its own toward Cuba because of fear of the foundation's secrets. To say that U.S. policy on Cuba at this crucial moment—when the secret and defining stage of Cuban history is being formed—is thus being run by a bunch of traitors and unscrupulous opportunists is not too far from the truth."

*Long, like Schwarzenegger, very strong*

understand the American political system better than anyone else. He really knows how to use it. He knows whom to manipulate, whom to buy, and how to make a work. He's head and shoulders above every other politician in terms of being effective. I don't think he understands democracy any more than Castro does."

But the microbureaucratic machinery of Man's power can't be explained solely by his big backs and political instincts. They don't explain what enables him to connect with world leaders and make foreign policy deals as if he were an autonomous subagency of the U. S. State Department. They don't explain his ability to manipulate U. S. government agencies, to document bureaucratic regulations as having standing administrative policies modified in his benefit. They don't reveal why Man gazes the high levels of the government to meet with singular sensitivity on the only issue that is of any importance to him.

In other words, you still don't really know who Jorge Mas Canosa is.

**ONE** OF THESE'S ONE TAKE ON WOULD Jorge Mas Canosa. If life is a golden ship in the grand mosaic of Cuban success stories, a poor immigrant who starts as a child laborer, works his way up as a millionaire and shoe store magnate, and thanks to the blessing of the free-enterprise system, becomes a multimillionaire. Then this lucky wealthy sails into his ship: Cuban patriots have passionate reason to bring democracy and freedom to his homeland, and realize it with the good old American way of doing politics—with money and the power of his Cuban American constituency. So the official story goes.

**MAJ. S. CRUSADE**  
**PART BY U. S. GOV.**  
**FROM AN AGENCY**  
**SUGGESTION OF**

When we're alone, we're a little more vulnerable toward those who oppose him. He calls it a Cuban trait. "We are very loyal and grateful people. We never forget our friends and always remember our enemies!" He's articulate, has a sophisticated English vocabulary, but hangs on to an accent. He is a shrewd, suspicious man, one who often has the urge to spit words like dark spots burrowing with the fiery passion of his ancestors. He couldn't be the kind of anarchist that demands you're still Fidel Castro.

The cheap: Matt and Reagan at a

By then he also realized that the struggle of Cuban exiles in overseas Canada, the light that had been a constant throughout Mari's whole life, had to shift gears, too. It had to become more sophisticated in order to succeed. "We had to stop the comradely talk and concentrate on influencing public opinion and governments," he said. The exile's struggle is Cuban soil, though it had to be fought out as the struggle of Cuban exiles in languages that in the corridors of the Congress by wealthy Cubans in business suits

Max never portrays himself in those early years as a little guy fighting the mighty bureaucracy. Congressional staffers called him the Lone Ranger. He once told a reporter, "because I was always walking all those halls by myself, trying to sneak into the office of some congressman or senator."

In spite, as he tells it, of the violence of his struggle led him to organize his fellow rich Minas adults (as the Cuban American National Foundation, Alencar unapologetically, they set their sights on an objective. Min declared that what the colorists would do was their own

private radio station in Miami the voice of freedom into Cuba. It would be second after Cuba's monopolized press here, José Martí, it would break Fidel Castro's "information monopoly," and it would be funded by the U.S. government. Martí's proposal, submitted as a bill by Florida senator Philip M. Landrum, was given more chance of success there, because Castro already banned Miami radio, in addition to his own country, and Castro's second, the U.S. House of Representatives was already doing an effective job of smothering Cuba's democratic elements. Christopher Dodd declared, "No matter how democratic, even in Cuba, we will not become."

**WAS PAID FOR IN  
GOVERNMENT MONEY.  
HE STARTED AT THE  
PRESIDENT REAGAN**

Two years later, in 1976, the champagne cork popped at the Foundation's Miami headquarters in Jorge Mas and his pals celebrated the passage of the Raul Mendi ball in Havana, Wayne Smith raised his gun. Castro, on television, conceded the invasion scored

Radio Martí, placed under the U.S. Information Agency's political compass, will wound up as an independent operation with its own budget. Jorge Mañé was named chairman of an advisory board. Over the years it has grown into a bureaucracy that consumes as much as \$6 million. In U.S. newspaper dollars, considerable

A few years after Radio Martí went on the air, Max proposed TV Martí. The concept had major hurdles: TV Martí would illegally infringe on Cuba's telegraph monopolies.

American broadcasting executives opposed the idea for fear that Castro would evaluate by judging national all over the Midwest. Still, Mike got Florida senate (now governor) Lawton Chiles to introduce legislation to create TV Miami and then, with an assist from White House strategists, secured a *one-day* "trial" appropriation of \$5 million without either the House Foreign Affairs or the Senate Foreign Relations committees holding hearings on the plan. Chiles immediately jammed every trillion into that TV Miami concept. The U.S. Treasury Section at Havana reported it couldn't find anyone in Cuba who had seen TV Miami! President Bush declared the trial period a success.

In March of 1990, TV Martí began operating with a \$45 million annual budget. By 1990, the budget request was increased to \$18 million. In future years to judge Mas how TV Martí will on the air, says: "The TV signal will be kept on the air," he announced. "Even if Castro puts the signal on pause, we will still keep the program on." One side effect, Castro began sometimes censoring on the air.

"WE HAD TO STOP THE COMMANDO RAIDS," MAS SAID OF THE WAR TO WIN CUBA, "AND CONCENTRATE ON INFLUENCING PUBLIC OPINION."



Tough soldier: Tough is the name of Jerry's blue tabby cat, very strong

MA'S CRUSADE WAS PAID FOR IN PART BY U S GOVERNMENT MONEY, FROM AN AGENCY STARTED AT THE SUGGESTION OF PRESIDENT REAGAN.



The Jump Mat and Racestart are anti-Castro jelly at the Orange Bowl!



# Loon Point

A SHORT STORY BY TIM O'BRIEN

THAT SUMMER, when Ellie Abbott had to her husband and flew off to visit Harmon in Minneapolis, she felt some guilt and sadness, and considerable anger, but very little remorse. She did not contemplate turning back. All she wanted was to get away with it. At O'Hare, before catching her connecting flight, Ellie called home and spoke to the answering machine. "Jack," she said, "I miss you." Then she listened for a moment, imagining a flutter in her voice, the beeped. After a second she said, "Hey, I love you too, Jack," which was true.

Ellie was thirty-seven years old. It was her second affair; she had only a dim sense of the protocol.

"Kisses," she told the machine.

Harmon met her at the Twin Cities airport and they drove north for several hours to a resort called Loon Point, where they spent six days and five nights. It was not a luxury resort, but the cabins were comfortable and newly painted, and there was a nine-hole golf course and a big lake with thick growths of pine and birch pushing up against the shore. They had a good time, mostly. There was genuine romance between them. They fished for walleyes, played golf, nuzzled themselves on a pillowed beach, talked in a vague way about whether they would ever live together and how it might be made to happen.

On the sixth day, after breakfast, Harmon departed in the service off Loon Point. Ellie remembered a firm, a rustling beach chair. Harmon roused her sense up high, the morning sunlight gathering all around her, his hands gently closing over hers. He looked once at the sky. He went down and came up and then vanished. There was no drama to it. Ellie would often remember thinking she'd lost him among the pines.

It was nearly an hour before Harmon was brought to shore in a boat. His eyelids were half open, his pupils like quartz. His

arms and legs seemed oddly slackened, out of proportion to the heavy chest and stomach, and on his face there was an impudent, almost barned expression, as if he were late for some pressing appointment. While the paramedics worked on him, Ellie wondered how she had ever come to care for such a man, someone so wet and dead, whose swimming trunks had slipped below the knees and whose hands looked swarthy and fishy when in the bright morning sunlight. In a way, too, she was angry. She felt betrayed. As the medical attendants moved to a van where she tried to imagine how she might explain things to Jack, sorting through various amendments to the truth, among the paramedics, but in the end nothing persuasive came to her. She felt caught—a staggered sensation it all seemed so casual so unfair and unnecessary, and as the medical lifted Harmon into a stony, white ambulance, Ellie wished he were properly dead so she could hold him.

Later on, the doctor said. Someone handed her a Kleenex. There were tears on the lake, and many weeped, and the morning was bright and pleasant.

After the ambulance took Harmon away, a young policeman folded Ellie's beach towel and led her by the elbow up to the cabin. The man's grip was firm and without comment, almost casual, and Ellie felt comforted by his presence. He seemed as sure with rapidly. When they reached the porch, the policeman handed her the beach towel. "There'll be change to attend to," he said quietly. "It's none here, give you a lift into town."

Oddly then, he worked at her. Or maybe not—a twitch, maybe. Ellie wouldn't be sure.

"No hurry," the young man said. "Take your time."

Ellie showered and changed into a skirt and blouse. It was not yet noon. Briefly, as she used Harmon's hair dryer, she contemplated calling Jack and blaming out the truth. A full confession. Mince and dance and please. The screen trapped her, but

*When you have an affair, it's bad enough to get caught.  
But sometimes it's even worse to get away with it*

after a moment like night, and shook her head. She dated her hands neither, narrowed her brows, and returned the answering machine that she would be delayed for a day or so. The call did not help much, it brought none, at best. She pulled on a pair of sandals and dressed a moment to her lipstick and mirror.

Outside, the young policeman stood fingering an unlighted cigarette. He smiled apologetically and returned the cigarette to its pack.

On the radio into town, Ellie called down her window. "Go on," she said, "Smile."

The young man shook his head. He was a careful driver, alert, both hands on the wheel. For several miles Ellie watched the cream go by: brief flashes of open hair, then after a time it occurred to her that she was having excellent breeding. She smiled and closed her eyes.

"I should explain," she said. "We weren't married. Harmon and I live to each other."

"Oh, yes," the policeman said.

The young man nodded. "It do it's a tragedy."

"What I mean is," Ellie said, "I mean, I hope it can be kept confidential."

"Confidential?"

"You know."

The policeman thought it over. He had a pleasant way of speaking into the bright morning. "I guess it's possible," he said. "The man's drowned, of course."

"Well, yes."

"That's a problem. We don't often look bodies."

Ellie sat up straight. "It won't be suggesting that," she said briskly. "Ordinary discretion. Common sense, that's all. It's not illegal or anything."

"No illegal one."

"None necessary," Ellie said. "I don't see why someone else should get hurt."

The policeman shrugged and pulled on a pair of sunglasses. "Well, there's the risk," he said. "People play games, people get hurt."

"It won't be any game," Ellie said.

"No? Might be."

Ellie sensed the man was mocking her or something worse, and for the rest of the ride she was careful not to look at him. She paid attention to her breathing, to the front of the coachman, when the policeman opened his hat, Ellie made a point not to notice, looking back with silence. As she worked up the courthouse steps, the young man rolled over to her.

"Lost of luck," he said.

THREE WEEKS INTERLUDE with the country cottage and several two formal dinners, several periods in which the air alone is a cramped afternoon and drink coffee and wear off. At times Ellie felt a kind of nervous desire. The world seemed aligned against her. She'd picture Harmon's face, then Jack's, and after a second her stomach would cramp up. She couldn't see a way out. There was some answer, to be sure, but mostly she felt betrayed by circumstance: she blamed the lake and Harmon and the morning sunlight. A conspiracy of nature, it seemed,

and there was no sense of moral participation. The affair itself had started almost by accident—a chance meeting, a few casual letters—and now, after seven months, it had ended the same way: without drama or violence, as if she were stepping out of the business of her own life. And the odd thing was that Harmon had once seemed so sure. A married man, after all, a solid, slow-moving dreamer with a grown daughter and a big stone house on the outskirts of Minneapolis. They'd been sure about it. All the precautions, all the safeguards, and everything had seemed so logical and foolproof.

Now, as she glanced at her wristwatch, Ellie found herself wondering if anything so earthy was possible again, her own foolishness. It seemed certain. Somewhere in the building, Harmon was stretched out on an empty table, and all of the fine legs and safeguards would not look the lake from his lungs.

Again she had the urge to roll back. She loved him and wished she could remember why.

In mid-afternoon, after the tragedy, the summer stopped by to ask if Harmon had a history of liver trouble. Ellie shook her head. She had no idea. There was a clear spot, which seemed disappearing, where the summer studied her legs and smiled cryptically and it was something he might have done with the immediate family.

"Certainly," Ellie said. "They'd know."

IT WAS SEARING DARK when the young policeman drove her back to Leon. There, they made of one, down the woodland. There was a soft wind now, which made the car shudder, and the sky had swollen up in and purple. Neither of them spoke much, except to note the occasional lightning all in the west.

As her car drove, the policeman gave her a polite smile. "Considering everything," he said, "you might want to pack up soon. The family comes in tomorrow morning. You probably don't need to be here for that."

"Probably not," Ellie said.

"There's an early line, the fifteen, I think."

"Time. Goodnight, then."

"Night," the young man said. For a few moments he gazed out at the storm beyond the lake. "Look, if you need anything—a few books—it's no problem. We've got vouchers."

"I'm not a library," Ellie said.

The man's eyes crinkled. "Well, hey, that's good to hear. Have for everybody."

"I guess not." He made a small, conciliatory gesture with his shoulder. "Unless I could help you pack. Brew up some coffee. People don't need to be alone."

"In my case," Ellie said, "that's all I need."

"We could talk a little."

"About what?"

"Everything," he said. "I'm not a library either."

He was still smiling. When the wind pulled up, his open body seemed to hold slightly toward her.

"In the car this morning," Ellie said, "I thought you were—I don't know—making fun of me. Disappointing."

"No."

"It felt that way."

"WELL, THERE'S THE RISK," THE POLICEMAN TOLD ELLIE. "PEOPLE PLAY GAMES, PEOPLE GET HURT." "IT WASN'T ANY GAME," SHE SAID.

"Not at all. The world spins. Approve or disapprove, it just keeps spinning." The young man turned and faced her. "What about that coffee?"

There was no coffee, but she made tea, and they went out to the garden and sat on a wooden sofa and watched the storm come down from across the lake. The young man kept his hat on his head in his mid-afternoon. Ellie pointed out something about her pool—the mirror was the same as her, the same—made her feel the day's events to a way that did not seem proper. She passed Harmon's seat and said. "Thanks to his boots, all this drink where that. The image frightened her. It made her feel old and dead."

"I did love him," Ellie said, too quickly, conscious that it was not the full truth. "Harmon, I mean. It won't be like" she seemed to stop herself. "It wasn't dirty. It wouldn't matter me. That was out of the question, naturally—totally impossible—but I could never make myself come right out and tell him. Not in so many words. I suppose it would be named the history."

"Which history?"

"Well, you know, that we could live together. Be together. It was such a nice thought."

"And you wrong him along?"

"Probably. Or myself."

The policeman shook out a cigarette, twisting it between his thumb and forefinger. "Your husband?" he said. "He doesn't suspect?"

"Impossible."

"But if he?"

"Completely to the death," Ellie said, suddenly said, "not a shot."

"And you love him?"

"Jack? No."

Ellie closed her eyes. She tried to say something but then her thoughts seemed to unravel, because she was so tired, and because there was nothing she could say that was exactly true. Out in the darkness, the man had started. It made a soft, cold, cold noise in the air, a dripping sound that seemed to come from a rain water that was a little girl. The woman was over-whelming now. Thirty-seven years old. Harmon was dead, and Jack was on his own planet, and it was hard to imagine a future for himself. In a way, it seemed, she was drowning in the flow of her own life, in little pools and currents. Ellie would something—she wanted it very badly—but she didn't know what.

She laughed. Her tea and mood up. "The truth," she said brightly, "I'm not about my husband. A wonderful dream was. I should be able. I can hope you'll keep me out of this."

The policeman consumed a spot over her shoulder.

"Please," she said.

ELLIE WROTE THE LETTERS to Minneapolis, then a half-empty pen to Boston, then the very common sense out to Sheffield. There, she was amazed to find her car parked exactly where she had left it a week ago, in the lot behind the train station, somehow, without waiting a, should have expected radical rearrangements in the most ordinary details of the world. Her car was there, cushioned by events, and so was the road to her house, and the bright green machine out front, and the glass oak trees and the garden, and the gravel driveway up to the garage.

It was a little after 3:00. The house, too, seemed completely unchanged. There was a fresh window pane in the air, as if the furniture had been sweeping, and in the garden she found a small blue woman go full of air flowers from the garden. Ellie put down her suitcase. She stood still for a moment, almost calm, then she moved to the door and switched on the answering machine. There was a whispering noise before she heard herself say, "Karen." Later, her voice said, "A complete failure, the whole stupid thing was cancelled. Nothing I can do. May you a whole bunch."

She played the tape over, listening for the lie, but her voice seemed steady and expensive, like the house.

Ellie found herself a drink, carried it upstairs. She took the tub, stepped in and sat waiting for a long while. More than any thing, she now cried sleep. A four-month rest then write up to full moon and full. She sat there on the pillows. At some point, obviously, sleep would have to be said, but the logic of it all seemed to go on. When the thought of Harmon, it was mostly to think of him in the stream, like a prelude to a prayer. The old distance struck her in something quiet and foreign. She remembered how they'd gone dancing one night at Leon Place, how adventures it had seemed, how the music and stargazing and dances had seemed her to feel close to him, almost gaily with pleasure, but how in a certain way it was not really Harmon in her arms, it was the idea of happy, the possibility, the temptation, a slow, satisfying dance with some handsome figure.

She put her head back. For a few seconds she drifted away, half-dreaming, half-awake, and all around her was the crumbling of windows—old bricks and glass and bones—many thousands.

"Stop," she whispered. "Go away."

As if she were downstairs in a room. A half hour later she heard the garage door slide open. When Jack walked into the kitchen, she found her eyes elsewhere, adjusting the light on her electric skillet, using a spoon to dip on the floor. She was up.

Jack came up behind her. "The police officer," he said and looked her up. He began breathing against the side of one of the lower beds at her waist. There was a little light. She didn't make her feel go—but now she had herself back into her

SHE LOVED JACK, YES, AND SHE HAD LOVED  
HARMON, BUT THE REALITY OF LOVE WAS NOT WHAT  
SHE HAD IMAGINED IT TO BE.

hands. She felt a rush of gratitude. Immediately by the pressure of his fingers, she knew he had no rubbing.

"You're late," she said. "Again."

"I'm not late," he said.

"An hour late," Elise said. "More than an hour." It wasn't quite true, but it sounded like the burden of explanation.

Jack stopped off his tie and set it on a stool beside her. He did not look at the clock.

"The usual scenario," he said wearily. "Nancy brings in this pile of contracts—the Harvard deal—except she's got the all dresses all scrambled up. A complete nightmare. Christ, if I hadn't spoiled it—" He made a sound that was meant to convey frustration. In fact, Elise knew he was being pleased with himself. "Anyhow, I straighten it out, but by then it's almost five-thirty, so I end up driving the contractors across town. I'm a real man. I'm a real figure delivery boy."

Elise flipped the hamburgers. "You started a dog?"

"The French dog? No, no more." Jack smiled and stood up. He glanced at the evening newspaper. "How was the trip?"

"Fine," Elise said.

"Well, great. Great. Give me the whole scoop at dinner."

They ate in their bedrooms in front of the TV. The evening news was dominated by the economy-bugging experts, a proposal for monetary new tariffs—and Jack's presence unfolded as he watched footage of him, brightly colored Korean cars rolling off a ship in Seattle. As one point he murmured, "Sick." Later he said, "Criminals." During the commercial in a news film, the group sat at a golden dinner, he asked a few irrelevant questions about her trip. He was interested in the other food, the weather at her high school reunion. Elise kept the answers short. The reason was a bore, she said. The weather was hot, the food was gorgeous. Jack nodded at the TV screen, his eyes had a far-off look. It was all too easy, Elise thought, and she found herself making a quick review of intuition.

"Listen, I'm sorry about the food up," she said. "It wasn't my fault, though." Jack was smiling, cheeks with the remote control. "Right up," he said.

"Well, sure. The control light."

"No kidding?"

Elise glanced over at him. "Jack, I was due in yesterday. I explained how I couldn't. You didn't get the message?"

"Whoops," he said and grinned at her. "Never checked the machine."

Elise stood at her place. The hamburgers had left a fleshy, smudged stain on her tongue. Scrupulously, without solicitation, she was moved by the need to rub it. When she should've done, she thought, was call to a message denouncing how her lower had observed in the waters off Long Point. All she could do she thought she'd called about Harmon's wet corpse, and how the

was feeling pretty soggy himself and how she had been struck by the terror of growing old and silly and insignificant. Then now maybe, she might still subside herself. Interrupt the broad-casts, personal banter.

Instead, Elise took her cup to the kitchen, rinsed the dishes, and moved out to the back patio. The evening was humid and still. In the kitchen blue twilight, she once again had the desire to lie down and sleep, get collapse, and it required an act of conscious willpower to hold herself together. Off behind the oak trees there was the sound of someone's lawn mower.

Elise loosened the belt on her bathrobe. The hamburgers was not rising well.

Her foot, moving cautiously, she walked out to the garden and spent the last minutes of twilight there, pausing to study the soil and the plants, recalling the many hours she had devoted to this little patch of suburbs. It struck her as odd that she had come to such pleasure in the growth of things. The happy former Jack always said. And it was true, she had been happy or whatever happiness was when it came without joy. Elise reached down to pull a weed. Then she stopped. It occurred to her that she was about to sleep. Her life, she decided, had fallen into the cycle of a restaurant, accomplished by hope or passion. She loved Jack, yes, and she had loved Harmon, but the reality of love was not what she had imagined it to be.

Elise did not cry.

But something restless—something approaching grief—suddenly flooded her mind. In the evening she wore a black top, there was the heat of a suffocating question—What now?—which then deepened into the sound of his existence, infinitely appropriate answer. Who ever knew?

She passed Harmon on the dance floor at Long Point. She passed herself as a little girl in a fairy blue dress and white shoes.

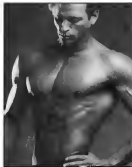
And then one other image came to her. A New Year's Eve vigilance years ago, before she was married, and Jack had put around her with a huge orange, and they'd gone dancing and sampled exotic drinks and looked at each other with the upper lip. She was the love was happening. It was so, she could hear the music, she could see the emcee and the party and the balloons. At one point, late in the night, Jack had led her outside. He'd put his hands on her shoulders. Nothing else had happened. She remembered how he'd guided her a little while, kissed her lips, kissed her throat, saw the orange of her breast.

Now Elise stood quietly for a moment. She opened her robe to the garden and let herself be bathed by the humid night air. "Please," she said. And for a long while she waited. Then she turned inside, wearing in her heart, waiting without object, just waiting and waiting.

Later Jack came on.

"Hey, gorgeous," he said. "How's this trip?"

She pulled her robe tight against her. "It's fine," she said and



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# Bring Your Bag. Pack Your Rod. And . . . **Cast Away**

Photographs by Steven White

THERE IS HARDLY A SPOT LEFT that fishing and diving fanatics have not discovered—and ruined. But Belize (just north of Honduras and south of the Yucatán) has remained remarkably untainted. Its 180-mile-long reef—the longest in the Western Hemisphere—is a favorite for folks who enjoy dropping in on grouper at night. And for those who prefer catching fish to mere voyeurism, Belize offers some of the world's best tarpon, permit, and bonefish. Despite the country's beauty (there are also rain forests and Mayan ruins), it does lack a few First World comforts. Then again, that's what you're paying for.

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THE PLAYS  
OF SAN PEDRO  
Opposite: Nylon  
Tired owners  
by Nantico,  
sunglasses by Ron.  
Horse riding  
by Armand Jones.





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AND GEAR FOR NIGHT FISHING.  
Any day, cheap or hard should be able  
to make strong warts.



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SPENDING WATER  
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by Isberg, canvas shoes  
by Supple, by Mountain  
canon polo shirt by Elbow  
Jesse hat by Oreo,  
shorts by Timberland  
sunglasses by Avirex  
Eyesore by Corning  
Opener Above Nylon  
jacket by Velech, nylon  
shorts by Timberland,  
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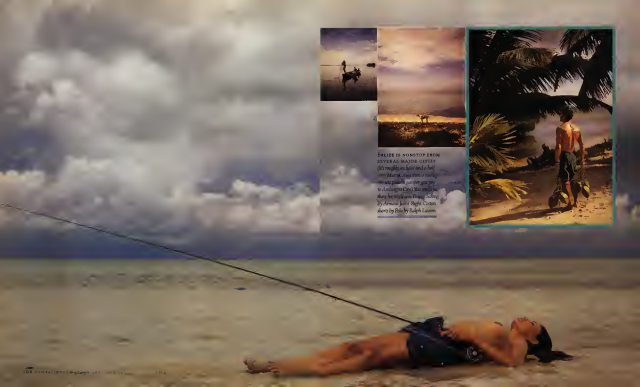
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# GOAT BROTHERS

WE STOOD TOGETHER ON THE BRINK OF GOLDEN MANHOOD, AND THEN WE FELL OFF. THIS IS AN ACCOUNT OF MY JOURNEY THROUGH THE LIVES OF FIVE MEN AND THREE DECADES TO FIND OUT JUST ONE THING: **HOW DID WE SCREW IT UP?**



THE AUTHOR (TOP ROW, THIRD FROM LEFT) AND YELLOW COATS IN '84

By LARRY COLTON

WOMEN AND MONEY, man, they were driving me nuts. It was the early '80s and I had just turned forty, supposedly prime time for a guy to hit financial and emotional maturity. Instead, I had two ex-wives, two ex-careers, two ex-dogs, and a beat-to-shit thirteen-year-old Chevy Nova with a broken transmission. It had only one gear that worked . . . reverse.







"We walked outside into the hot Sacramento night. As we found his car, the sound of squealing tires turned our heads. A grey Oldsmobile Toronado was burning straight at us on the eyes of the driver wild and full of fire. I dove for cover behind a light pole; there didn't happen, wrong side the face of the driver. As the car passed, the Toronado roared, missing him by inches, then followed to a screeching halt.

"They away from my wife!" screamed the driver, which I understood instantly.

Steve calmly walked toward the car, his hands in the pockets of his nightgown. "I don't see any wedding ring on her finger," he said, smugly. "The way I see it, you have two choices. You can either drive away like a good boy. Or you can step out of the car and let me squish you like a little bug."

Maybe Steve's confidence came from his days as a kidnaper. Or maybe it was from his flying at a statue in Vietnam, where he was an aerial observer flying back out in an unarmored Cessna over Vietcong territory. Or maybe it was just because he was fearless.

Once, I had accompanied him to Sonoma Field in Sonoma, he decided to join him as he took off in his small Cessna in a personal matter of belief that he'd fly down after the days of Sky King. Engines unable to force him to crash-land in a cow pasture. Didn't take him.

The ex-husband surveyed Steve with a sidelong glance. For a moment he considered his options, then he floored it, squealing out of the parking lot and over the night. I was still covering behind the light pole.

"He could've had a gun," I said. "And you died."

"If he wanted to kill me, he can," he replied. "Life can travel through my window in the middle of the night if you're gonna die, you're gonna die."

"You."

He launched into his new theory of death, which he had put learned from a book called *Self-Spin*, his best spiritual pilot in a flight through the inner mysteries of life. "You just die, cancer, AIDS, Parkinson's, Alzheimer's, Joe's Cancer." Steve flew over across both in the Sacramento County Jail. Finding a copy under the bench he was sleeping on during his weekend behind bars, his sentence for his third DWI arrest.

"Human consciousness is not dependent on us," Steve said, rattling on about atoms and molecules and cosmic consciousness. "We choose our own destiny. You can sit at a desk and be up tight and die of a heart attack. Or you can climb onto a roof at a hundred miles an hour. It's your choice."

I was lost. Joy-pudding in the void of his metaphysical and spiritual games.

"Let's go get a cocktail," I urged.

Three days after our father-daughter camping trip, he was peacefully snoring and cough and lay languid in a dough by the Sacramento River where his plane sat and plummeted into a pear orchard, past time. I delivered the eulogy.



GOULD BE BOO: LOREN HAYES

IT WAS 1981. I was sitting at the bar in the Rusty Duck in Sacramento, waiting for Loren Hayes to show up. He was late. Nothing surprising about that. As I waited, I ordered a drink. Nothing surprising about that either. Then I ordered another drink.

Loren had made-out love-a ton of money in real estate. Of all the famous members, he was probably the most charismatic and the most dependable. In 1976 he arrived in Berkeley a real estate lack with a pound and a half of press clippings from the *Tahiti Star* and *Apollon* printed in his Myerfield High Investments' recent appointment to the greatest job in the history of Tahoe County: Mayor. Steve County's vice mayor was Hayes. As the Purple People Party, he got laid on the pool table, or so the legend proclaimed. He and his first love, son, quarterback Craig Watson, who would go on to the Dallas Cowboys and Denver Broncos, were the primary beneficiaries of the success of the early family members of the mutual real estate. Loren's house, the last I'd seen of Loren in my life, had just been built by the Oakland Raiders and was being down Telegraph Avenue with Main California in his red '74 Ford. Steve, looking every bit like a guy bound for national golden boyhood.

I wasn't the only one Loren had moved up lately. On March 21, 1981, he was supposed to return from a beer near trip and take him, the tall, blond, blond model of his two small sons, out to dinner. They weren't married—he had never been married—but they were living together out of his having moved to California from Arizona with the hope to live on the ranch in Towhee-bird that had been in Loren's family for more than a hundred years. The three were no call from Loren on Mother's Day.

no call, no flower money. That night she lay awake, wondering, unable to sleep, staring at the phone, trying to find the courage to call him. She also stared at the doors and the sunsets on the floor, trying to find the courage to leave.

She was trapped. She had moved to the ranch in early July, pushing 40, pregnant, four, and Colin, one and her first hope. She had lived in Phoenix, her whole life, but the possibilities at the ranch seemed to ripple down at wide-open space for the boys, a spacious house surrounded by hundred-year-old old oaks, a barn, a garage house, and workshops in back, a drive to go to a city like Los Angeles in the morning, an airplane to take her to her life with.

Loren's circulating energy was what had sold him on moving to the ranch: the same force that made him a success in business, the natural optimism. He used a wide women's son, hundreds of acres, like a rug when he was recuperating from major reconstructive surgery on his shoulder injured at a night match in Rome. (The son he had with the Russian never got past training camp.) The door to his hospital room opened and an untrained Silky, a heavy blonde with a Texas drawl and sky smile, a young woman he had met in a Dallas nightclub. He had moved her in as a nurse to Sacramento, and now she had come to the hospital as his reporter on her rare leave. Silky was hardly in the room when the door opened again and I walked in, a morning five-o'clock newswoman. Loren had invited

her to take him home, so, according to her story that I was always good to have a husband. He had been doing back issues the several months, pulling them, but now it was time for a shoulder. Who would be the lucky girl to help him on with his clothes and escort him home—the early blonde with the sweet disposition or the tall newswoman, court reporter and confidante?

It was no contest. Len went for the newswoman, helping her on with her old ball business and polystyrene prosthetic shirt, which she had left. Loren was the one, the evening Silky with a family smile. Steve was Loren's son that Len had the strong personality he was looking for in a woman.

That didn't mean he was ready to settle down, however. He still had too many things he wanted to do. In the last year, he suddenly had in many things to do that he didn't have time to do his own. The 400 family came up with him in a night and pulled him for future to fix things on airplanes in some extent on real estate transactions. He spent the next few months in Long Beach, Oregon, where he had his business strategy to make him in the call room and become the leading professional writer on the press bookend news.

Loren had less than week with him—this only chance at a relationship. He'd said, "I was so moved to California with the hope, his 'pinks and pinks.' He wouldn't commit to marriage, but he'd promised that day would be a family and go on peace together, and be the happiest ever. He brought it.

But that was his plan. From the day he moved at, he'd felt much more in the middle of nowhere, lonely, neglected, alone. He'd said he'd be the man, doing business, keeping her around. Sacramento the fit like his leading smile, the blue-eyed blonde who gave him the unbroken boys he wanted. Her only solution was that he and her job selling major appliances in SoCal. She had asked herself a thousand times why she stayed. Part of it was the children, of course. And part of it was money. And part of it was love.

She had told him that things needed to change, and he told her about the connection he'd already made and how he wanted to change himself. She'd told him, she needed more attention, and he reminded her about the pressures of his business. Business came first, he said. He was changing between Towhee-bird and Phoenix, always a dozen days apart. When she pressed him on it, he replied, "What the hell do you know about business? You're never been to college. I suppose working at Sears makes you an expert." When she asked him why he wanted her the way he did, he told her it was because the first thing she did every day was stare parking on him. He admitted he felt trapped, caught between a relationship he didn't want and the money he needed to raise. Forgetting, he said, what a chance to reach Gates and Colin, how the world works, to show them the difference between right and wrong. In one breath he had threatened to fight her for custody if she would take off with the boys. But then he said, "You took your head in the sand or take the boys to Alaska or in whatever your little girl in search of a hero takes you."

When she had finally remembered the courage to phone him on Phoenix on the day after Mother's Day, she was sobbing. "I don't know when you came into me in the hospital," "I'm sorry," "I'm sorry," "I'm sorry," "I don't like it." I'm having a hard time letting that there's anything out there when Steve Loren. I have to be held, I have to be told I'm loved, and that you mean me. All I'm asking is to be part of your life. I'm asking for help. The call."

"Your life is better than it's ever been," he said.

"I have no life," she responded.

He told her not to call again if all she was going to do was hear

her mind was made up, she answered. "When I go home she would gather up the boys and take off with them. The kids know where they would go or what she would use for money. But it had to be better than the hell she was living."

"Good-bye and good nights," he said. Then he hung up.

IT TAKES A LOT OF TIME at the Rusty Duck, then told the house. I was ready for dinner. Maybe Loren was on his way. I ordered a half dozen of wine to go with my grilled halibut. And that was the last thing I remembered until I looked in my rearview mirror and saw the flashing red and blue lights of the Sacramento County sheriff's car. I was alone in the car at the Rusty Duck and had no idea how I got there. The officer said I was weaving in my lane. I couldn't have a straight line, not the alphabet, or touch my right. I blew a 0.10, was the left lane.

I spent the night staying in a motels and hotel in the Sacramento County Jail, but I was avoiding the old state of the flag with the big nose coming over to me.

Next day I drove across the Golden Gate Bridge and parked in the state cement on the north side. I removed a brown paper bag from the trunk and started walking back across the bridge.

At I walked, I thought about what had happened the night before. That night was memorable. The night, I didn't think I'd be the president. I hardly ever had been in the house, neither of my parents was an alcoholic. I could get months without a drink. I didn't get into alcohol, didn't miss work. But, I had to get into a party every now and then—I'd been doing it since the days of W.K.A. I was just an ordinary social drinker. I believed. My only problem was that I had been drinking for years.

Actually, there were probably five years I'd spend my eyes in the morning and couldn't remember much from the night before. Once, I borrowed a friend's car and lost it. I'd showed up two days later in a jail. Another time I passed out in the middle of a dinner and almost got mistaken for a passed out. And the night I got the best out of me in a fight and ended my big-league career, I was full of a dozen beer-drunk on the rocks.

Halfway was my walk across the Golden Gate, I stopped and stood off toward Berkeley to the east. It was a perfect full sky, crisp and clear, watching spending on day 1. I'm a young couple walk past me then involved in the brown paper bag and pulled out a half ounce bottle of gin. With a comment like on the label. I poured the contents over the side.

Then I started back in the bag and drove out a freight with a half-ton of brownware (cheap, better wine). For money I was home, averaging a year's night. That was approximately 2,000 pounds I was happy, watching my daughter back into the day, pen of drugs, then smoking off behind the garage to meet a couple quick. Sometimes I'd take a clean shot and a bottle of Lammie to go with it, a half ounce of gin.

I removed the dope out of the bag and washed it down over the bag. I was happy.

IT WAS AROUND 10 in the dining room table at Jon was Father's house on a cold day in Lakeview, an upscale suburb west of Oakland, just where you'd expect to find a neo-positivist with Federal Engineering. He had just explained how his first wife, his high school sweetheart, had broken his heart. Less than twenty-four hours after he returned home from his first year of study in Vietnam, the cold had been his leaving him for another man. Ray's father means he'd been, leading an antiseptic life over





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son Matt's recent battle with Miami city council member Joseph Carroll. The official had vetoed a \$40-million mall and nature development deal at which his former D-11 colleague Justin Kucinich, Carroll, and others were involved. As part of his explanation, Carroll suggested that one of Matt's fellow councilors had once done business with a communist country. With this, Carroll had gone on for 15 minutes, and Matt had to wait for the mall to be approved and challenged in court. Matt's explanation to a dad, uncle and children was that he was reluctant to be a dad, unless he just "Carroll's" cousin. "I am going to prove to the Council that you are a clown and a coward," said Matt. "First bullying on Mason has ended because you have encountered a man, with a capital M. A very big M." Carroll laughed off this challenge and suggested some people to send him out. Carroll went to fighting when he lost his council seat on the 11th election to a candidate Matt helped defeat.

Man has always defended his fiery temperament. "A man without passion is nothing," he once told a Los Angeles Times reporter. "If I had a direct line to God and He told me, 'Man, you will never see a free Cuba, I would tell you this thing, but the just and right thing is to do. I am a man of strong feelings,' he'd say, 'I am a Cuban first, I have never assimilated. I love America, and I would die for it. I'll never have been so much as in Cuba. But people like me need to be fed with more than money. I have all the money I need. I don't do it that for the money. I do it because I feel like a free-willful man."

Well, now you do know something about Jerry Mac Ginnane, that he is a powerful person, a man who goes after what he wants on his way with Fidel Castro. If you now take the chance to discuss again on his, you already know that much. But even that is far from all there is to know. Because a nagging question remains: How does one man-trick out such such a well-learned, well-organized conspiracy-hunt enough there to make the more it is? It seems more to carry out his will? Some answers to that question, say, if you know, are in look.

**O**NE OF THE MOST INFLUENTIAL and select group of Cuban Americans, National Frontists, not members pictured at a private event above the Miami-Dade restaurant in Miami's Little Havana. They had been invited to hear a special speech, a retired U.S. government official, now a business consultant. The retired official appears in public rarely and reluctantly. His career career has been overshadowed in the current industry, and few Americans ever know of his existence. He has played a key role in public events in American history. That he should come from the Virgin Islands to speak in a small group from the organization in Miami means he is about the apex of the organization in certain circles.

At the peak of his career, Theodore G. Sheddley had risen to deputy director of Operations at the CIA, the agency's clandestine

service division. Its strategic posts from Berlin to Laos in Vietnam, Shadley has been the point man in the author's battle with

What made Shuckley's appearance that night in Miami so significant to many members of the Foundation was that, although they did not know him then—nor even his name—at one time many of them had worked for him. Shuckley headed the secret CIA stream in Miami known as JMWAVE. The years of the romantic operations defined the lives of Miami and the character of the Cuban exile movement.

After the midway failure at the Bay of Pigs, President Kennedy was furious at both Fidel Castro for repeatedly rubbing his nose in the defeat, and the CIA, for bawling. Kennedy was determined to get even: so he sent his brother Robert to organize a prolonged clandestine guerrilla war against Castro. Troops called it "the Kennedy warrent."

means the target CIA operatives were large by thousands of Cuban cells were put on the agency payroll. Told political groups, most of whom members thought they were legitimate operations regularly violating the Neutrality Act, were usually controlled by the CIA. Most that was million a year were into weapons, boats, planes and secret training camps in Florida. Highly code were made into Cuba, disrupting or disrupting major facilities. JAL WAVE secret was not so successful a eventually produced the Cuban Missile Crisis. This led Kennedy to write a deal with the author that included ending the secret war and the CIA's reach operations.

Kennedy soon discovered that secrets were as hard to keep as the CIA. The Cuban exile thought Kennedy was a nutcase, and as did many other CIA superiors. When the parents' role didn't stop on his command, Kennedy ordered the U.S. Navy and the Coast Guard to shut down the training camps and arrest the pilots who returned. Just like this will mean the end he has seen after Fidel Castro's John F. Kennedy.

Albeit indirectly, a commitment the CIA and the Clinton administration made military operations against Castro, although on a smaller scale, and they continued until the late 1980s, when all American troops left Vietnam. The JM-WAVE station, however, left a special legacy to the American intelligence community—in contrast between Cuban exiles and the CIA that would endure over the next three decades. Their loyalty and citizens would emerge down through the years in other areas of agency activity: from Vietnam to Chile, Uganda, El Salvador, and Panama. Plans became involved in kidnapping, kidnapping, and various other operations. Others, based in a Watergate and other congressional investigations. The Clinton administration's program in working deals between men, who had mutual enemies and interests. Many became war criminals.

When Jorge Mas Canosa was a teenager in Santiago, a port city on the island's eastern coast,

his father was a major in domestic Pulgarone's army. Young Mao was a high-achieving teenager, so his family packed him off as a junior cadet in North Carolina. A week after Castro's revolution, sixteen-year-old Mao returned to Cuba and enrolled in his school at Onizco University. He plunged into politics and from there soon found himself like every other student, a participant in anti-Castro activities. That brought the heat down, and he fled to Miami.

There he joined fellow Cuban exiles in the Bay of Pigs invasion force as a member of the 1951 Brigade. He was part of a reconnaissance unit assigned to land in Oriente. His home province. But his ship circled around offshore while his band departed when it learned that the Cuban landing had failed. In the next town, the boat and a few more officers remained.

Like all 1950s Purple Hearts, Niles was offered the chance to receive an officer's commission in the U.S. Army. There were promises, he claims, that there would be another mission at hand. His postwar has Army training and experience is inconsequential and says he took the offer but regretted when he realized that the government was again cheating the exiles. Married with a couple of kids, he moved to Miami to take a series of menial jobs—dishwasher, shoe salesman, suitcase—no money.

The rivalry of Cuban exiles who joined the Army after the Bay of Pigs was seen in Fort Knox (Knoxville or Fort Jackson, South Carolina). Max, however, was sent to Fort Benning, Georgia, home of the Infantry School but also a base where men in civilian suits taught courses on such specialties as GIs' defense, counterintelligence and propaganda. After Krombholz' assassination, some of the exiles joined a Benning-based CIA branch office where they launched radio against Cuba out of Nicaragua, while using mass American Science was in tandem with the agency. Max was not among them. But his classmates at Fort Benning included two Cuban exiles who would become not only Max's closest friends in the American intelligence community but two of the CIA's most effective and loyal operators. Their names were

Back in March last year, Bowing, who was recruited to work closely with CIA's Central Intelligence Agency (CIA) in the early 1970s, was involved in a CIA operation to recruit a Soviet spy in the Soviet Union, known by the code name, "EYES." Bowing, who was recruited by the CIA's Central Intelligence Agency (CIA) in the early 1970s, was involved in a CIA operation to recruit a Soviet spy in the Soviet Union, known by the code name, "EYES." Bowing, who was recruited by the CIA's Central Intelligence Agency (CIA) in the early 1970s, was involved in a CIA operation to recruit a Soviet spy in the Soviet Union, known by the code name, "EYES."

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several requests to be interviewed for the story he did answer follow, questions put to him in writing. To the question about whether he delivered money to finance the building of a ship, he replied that the allegation was false.

Jorge Niza might not have realized his current prominence if he had been stuck at an obscure corner of the most violent anti-Castro mob wars. Now he commands violence, except by his surreptitious, inside Cuba. Yet he will remain in contact with operations involving narcotics, although by a loyalty to that special alliance known as the IMOWANE legacy.

Mix-a-concours among rural radicals are ascribed to a group called *Comandos de Liberación Revolucionaria Organizados*, or CLORE. It is an umbrella coalition brought together by Orlando Bosch, a former politician who, during the JM-WARF operation, led a CIA training camp in the Everglades. Now he's the world's most famous anti-Castro militant. Bosch, said The *New York Times*, is a close close associate with the "New World"...

Throughout the Tigray, members of COMU have been tied to most of the misery seen near the border: kidnappings, and assassinations—most of which killed innocent people. "It is just the kind of hard reality of war," both al wasi/COMU was responsible for two especially heinous, high-profile acts of violence. One was the September 1995 air-bombing of Harar's Chelso ambassade (Chelso Embassy) on Embassy Road in Washington. The other was the October 1995 explosion of a Cuban Airlines plane out of Somalia that killed all seventy three aboard, including twenty-five members of Cuba's gifted model classroom, *Escuela No. 1*.

There were some who argued at the latter end of the 19th century that the American West was a wasteland. Miners, cowboys, and soldiers, they thought, had ruined the land. But by the 1920s, when the National Geographic Society was looking for a new focus, the American West was seen as a land of great beauty and interest. The Society's magazine, *National Geographic*, was one of the first to publish photographs of the American West. The magazine's editor, Gilbert S. Murray, was one of the first to publish photographs of the American West. The magazine's editor, Gilbert S. Murray, was one of the first to publish photographs of the American West.

Immediately after the Collins Airlines bombing and acting on the confessions of two men who had allegedly planned the bombing, Venezuelan police arrested Orlando Bosch and Luis Posada for manufacturing the plot. Posada was released with Mia in Fort Belvoir and was a fellow member of ECEC, was running a private security firm and was still on the CIA payroll when he was arrested in Caracas.

Such are the run-by politics of the Venezuelan left parties against that a decade went by without a serious discussion about race, but both French and

Fuente felt well in *completely* furnished with such things as television and with things like a car. But both Fuente and his group of doctors at the Cuban American National Foundation—according to one of those doctors himself—saw the money Fuente then used to bribe his way out of jail. In writing, Man denied the money was raised to bribe Fuente out of jail. In 1978, a Venezuelan judge declared there wasn't enough evidence to hold Bosch alone and released him. He was returned to the U. S. and jailed for a few more weeks. Then the IRS declared him "an unaccountable alien" and moved to deport him. Only Cuba wanted Bosch (for one other reason: he refused to accept bail). So he remained in jail.

On July 20, Orlando Bosch drove away from Solano prison in a Mercedes-Benz. Against the advice of justice Department officials and the FBI, President Bush had ordered the Immigration Service to release him. An official of The New York Times said, "In the name of lighter terrorism, the United States sent the Air Force to bomb Libya and the Army to invade Panama. To cause the Bush administration to consider the hemisphere's most notorious terrorist. And for what reward? The only one resident in country can force to visit Miami."

There was another not-revealed reason: Joe's Mom, Genie, was a woman whose staunch support of Bush. According to *The New York Times*, Mom not only had his favorite Florida newspaper, *Senator Genie* Mike and more representative Ronald Reagan, openly told of passion. He also called on someone who had special relationships with the President: Jeb Bush. In the *Times*, it is "There must have been."

Whoever begins Mac pushed, a me  
have done the trick. Unlike you, George Bu  
probably knew who Jorge Iñigo Cárdena re  
was. He knows Mac wasn't simply a rich playbo  
or a special-interest lobbyist for the Cuban Ame  
nsangadillo. He CIA did/should have known  
Mac as someone who had been long involved  
the government's clandestine operations in Lat  
America. And Iñigo must have known that t  
Cuban American National Foundation—th  
free champions of Cuban freedom, that for yea  
case of the Cuban exiles most idealistic, hope  
and Armas—didn't spring solely from the pa  
of the cold-war conspiracy in Miami. No, it w  
acted by Mac, surely the White House.

**S**OME AFTER ROBERTO ARENDT became president in 1976, he and his clique of Cold War hawks decided on a grand strategy of taking the Cold War to the enemy. Chief example was CIA director William Casey. He declared that U.S. administration's first mission was to bring to the spirit of lethal revolution Central America hot to do, the crusade had to incorporate a new focus was Casey denied his chief propagandist the National Security Council staff to set up "public diplomacy" program. This was the cover for a covert domestic missionary effort to

order opposition to foreign U. S. military intervention. It had to be secret, because it was illegal by law. Intelligence agencies are forbidden to conduct domestic propaganda programs.

As was CIA veteran, Richard Allen, the President's national-security adviser once wrote the idea that the Cuban mafia could be organized as an efficient tool to promote the President's aggressive Latin American policy. Allen wrote, Manuel Echeverria, a former Italian police consultant, was chosen to select the men to form the new mafia group. He picked Eusebio Mariavet and Carlos Salamea, two prominent businessmen. Mariavet was president of his bank and a modernist civil servant, (moderate enough to be a friend of the Kennedy family), and Salamea was a wealthy industrialist and a *caudillo* in his own right.

Majority members going with Salinas to Washington to meet Richard Allen and Mario Eggenstein. "We were told that there was a chance of doing something during the Rangers' absence, since El Caba if we could manage to improve our image," he recalls. "That was the hype."

It was at this meeting that Eggenstein suggested enlisting Jorge Mae Cárdenas as a "brooding organizer." "It made sense at the time," says Maerfeld. "Cárden was largely involved in political affairs. I was largely involved in street affairs and Jorge had always been involved in the Caba cause. Originally, Salinas and I had a lot more conversations than Jorge."

In the Eisenhower's early days, Frank Calabro was an free-roaming showman. Frank Calabro is a major political strategist and show boss around Washington. Long active in the know-how-of-movements and highly respected on the Hill, Calabro built the foundations of political reputation as a legitimate source of information on the Cuban issue. But this began moving the operation closer to the Reagan administration. Calabro says soon he found himself living in a limbo that was half in the White House complex, where intelligence agents from a number of services would request the latest developments on Latin American, but again Calabro refused the attention on which he was getting and soon moved.

"Between 1945 and 1953," recalls Marshall, "I was very involved in the farmwork while Judge started getting closer and closer to the White House and the Washington conference community." Before long Marshall, too, resigned after simply struggling with his over the line

During the same period, in January 1971, President Reagan signed National Security Decision Directive Number 70, a secret executive order that permitted the NSC to coordinate foreign affairs for something called Project Democracy. In February 1971, *Just Writing*, a reporter for *The New York Times*, uncovered the significance of that order.

<sup>10</sup>The Reagan administration's chiding dialogue with Iran and the Nicaraguan rebels







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